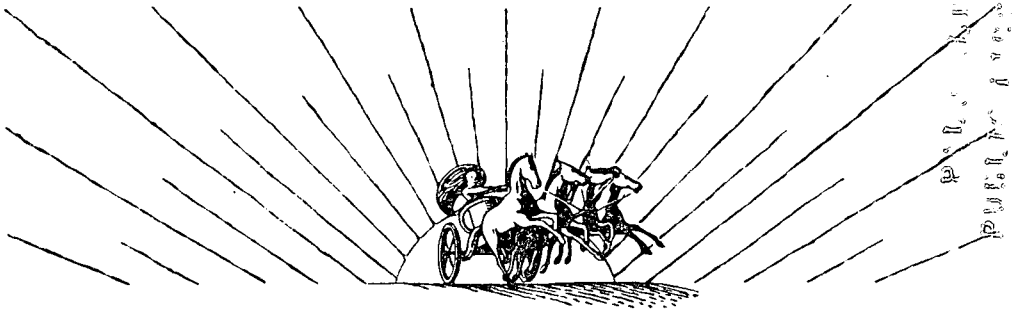

THE LIVING AGE

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THE GUIDE POST

As every good Communist knows, nothing in the world is more important than education. The Mexican Government is following the lead of Russia in her campaign to wipe out illiteracy, but her methods are almost purely American. Our description of the system organized by the Calles cabal comes from a dependable source and a distinguished author.

* * *

Keyserling's Slavic associations make him peculiarly susceptible to non-European influences. Although his turbaned and salaaming School of Wisdom at Darmstadt gives his exoticism its freest rein, he also finds something quite appealing about the Iberian peninsula. The Spaniards themselves are so flattered by his attention that they print his article in the distinguished *Revista de Occidente* with as much pleasure as we do here.

* * *

The more strenuous Western spirits who object to Tagore's enervating Orientalism will find a welcome contrast in the stoical courage of the Roghi, described by Maurice Pottecher. The bravery of this man and the cruelty of his captors show, among other things, what the French and Spanish troops have been up against in Morocco during the past few years. There is also a lesson here for those who believe that the Anglo-Saxon is the most fearless and modest of God's creatures.

* * *

Most of our readers are already familiar with Frédéric Lefèvre's interviews. In this case the editor of the *Nouvelles Littéraires* tackles a politician for a change, though at the time of the colloquy here recorded M. Poincaré did not occupy the position he holds now. It is an interesting commentary that such a thorough politician should also be a man of taste and culture. In our country that generation died with Henry Cabot Lodge; and one can hardly imagine Lloyd George discussing Aldous Huxley or Lytton Strachey as glibly as his Gallic equivalent touches on Maurois and Giraudoux.

* * *

Every week the *Times Literary Supplement* opens with a long literary article which, convention decrees, is never signed. Such a one is 'Hangmen's Diaries,' and whoever reads it will readily perceive that it is the work of a highly practised hand.

* * *

The Goethe-material and the Chinese-studio articles explain themselves. Both come from leading Liberal journals whose names and reputations are familiar to all our readers. *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna gathers such material from the four corners of the earth, printing the longer contributions in its ample *feuilletons*.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 330 — *AUGUST 28, 1926* — NO. 4286

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

'Those Confounded War Debts'

THUS does the *New Statesman* caption an article upon the latest passages of the international and intranational debate upon the war debts. In truly English temper, it criticizes the British Government with more zest, perhaps, than any other party to the present mix-up. It declares that 'the whole business has been hopelessly bungled by successive British Governments,' and that Mr. Baldwin himself 'made the greatest blunder of all — what might be called the key blunder — when he agreed to the funding of our own debt to America on terms which were not only much too onerous in themselves, but which set a standard that could not possibly be applied to the settlement of other war debts.' As if that were not enough, however, Mr. Churchill has followed up 'this capital blunder of Mr. Baldwin . . . with Mr. Baldwin's consent' by two more. These were his settlements with Italy and France respectively, 'which are generous to the point of absurdity. Fascist Italy is always boasting of the great prosperity which the rule of Mussolini has brought her, yet she has been let off with annual payments of next to nothing. France is too wise to boast on so delicate a subject, but she is notoriously the most prosperous country in Europe to-day.'

During the debate upon these themes in Parliament, Captain Benn — who figures rather largely in England's economic discussions — asked why the Government had not used the debt as a means of insisting upon decreased military and naval expenditures in both France and Italy. Mr. Hilton Young, who has left the Liberals for the Tories, and who at one time served as financial adviser to Poland, answered properly enough that this would only have added another irritation to an already aggravating situation. Mr. Churchill naïvely defended himself against his critics by suggesting that after all the United States might change its mind and that if there were an all-around revision or cancellation of the debts within fifteen years England would have obtained more money from France and Italy than America would.

In general, the British press, outside of the section that delights to retaliate for our former twisting of the British

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lion's tail by plucking at the pinions of the American eagle, deplored the Mellon-Churchill controversy. The London *Times* said very sensibly, 'The simple fact about the British debt to the United States is that it is settled,' and that 'there is no sort of use in allowing this difficult bygone question to become once more the subject of an irregular, protracted, and aimless controversy between the two countries.' It defends what Mr. Baldwin did in Washington with the following argument: 'The British debt settlement with America, whatever its actuarial consequences may prove to be in the life of the two countries, was based on a sound instinct of an essential identity of fortune, character, and endeavor in the new world as it is now shaping. It is of no slight significance that since its conclusion, and the practical removal by that means of an occasion for futile controversy on fundamentals, the United States and Great Britain have been closely associated as principals in a work of systematic reconstruction in Europe — first in Austria, and later in Hungary and in Germany. In this work they have together acquired a joint authority and inspired a growing confidence that neither could have acquired or inspired alone. The process of extending and developing coöperation has already yielded conspicuous results that can at once be determined by a hasty comparison with the world of 1922. That process dates from our debt settlement with America. It would be folly to jeopardize the achievement by any nervous and fretful impulse of recrimination over the act by which Great Britain made all this possible. So much still remains to be done. A new dread of instability is passing over Europe. It is reflected in the present economic and financial condition of France, Belgium, and Italy, and in some obscure premonitions of new developments farther east. This is the very worst moment for the two nations which have vindicated their stability to undermine, by any petty quarrel or controversy, the basis of the practical agreement by which they mutually assure their prestige and marshal their joint resources for the benefit of a world in great distress.'

The *Economist* is equally emphatic in declaring that 'Britain has nothing to gain, and there is danger that we may lose a good deal of international goodwill, by carrying on the discussion and creating the quite false impression that we are trying by a side route to reopen the settlement reached in 1923.'

Mr. Garvin, who generally writes with a cosmopolitan mind, presents in the *Observer* a very fair picture of the whole debt question as it presents itself to the average Britisher or European and to the average American. As for the Englishman, whose Government out of the savings of a hundred years lent twice as much as it borrowed during the war, he 'never dreamed that we should have to pay without being paid. If Britain and France, for instance, had been able to recover the enormous sums they have lost in Russia, their squaring of accounts with America would have been a bagatelle by comparison with the present situation.' But Mr. Garvin realizes that these and other considerations that seem all-important to our debtors fail to impress the average citizen of our country. 'First, a large part of American opinion was revolted by the merciless demands of the Allies on Germany under the financial clauses of the Treaty of Versailles and by the whole sequel up to the invasion of the Ruhr. More mercy by the Allies then might have meant more leniency from the United States. Further, the American people believed that, as they took no part in the scramble for territory, they were at the very least entitled to

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the repayment of their loans. They saw the German navy removed and the German colonies divided up by the European victors. France, they thought, was enriched as well as enlarged by the acquisition of Alsace-Lorraine and the Saar. Greater Italy was created. The British Empire, big enough before, seemed to paint more of the map red in all directions. It is hard to convince the average American, especially in the Middle West, that "England" did not get off with a deal of the swag. We seemed to have acquired a handsome lot of goods. Was the American taxpayer to pay £1,000,000,000 to leave us in possession gratis?'

Consequently, abuse, in Mr. Garvin's opinion, will only harden America's policy and postpone revision. 'When Europe cries "Shylock!" America cries "Sponger!"' He then summarizes the situation as follows: 'In that great phrase of Hegel's which we have quoted a thousand times, "Tragedy is the conflict not of right and wrong but of right and right." Persons and nations see differently. There is a gulf between the opposite standpoints from which Europe sees it and America sees it. How will the "justice of history" see it? To our mind an impartial verdict in the future will pronounce partly for both disputants and partly against both. It will almost certainly say that the European nations by their racial and social dissensions from the Treaty of Versailles till now have brought nine tenths of their troubles on themselves; and that notably the American taxpayer could not be expected to contribute one single cent as an indirect subsidy to the armaments and antagonisms of Europe. But almost as certainly the verdict will find that America before going out of the peace ought to have made allowance for the blood-debt and for the financial and social cost of the Bolshevist revolution to the rest of Europe, especially Britain and France. Another finding will have to say that, upon the balance of assets and liabilities, the British people at home got nothing net out of territorial acquisitions — that, on the contrary, their burthens were stupendously increased, their sea power halved in effect, their security on the whole diminished.'

The Poincaré Ministry

LOVERS of historic parallels point out that M. Poincaré has succeeded M. Caillaux in a ministry for the second time, under conditions which were broadly similar in both instances. In 1912 Caillaux had concluded, without consulting Parliament, an agreement with Germany involving a cession of territory, and was overthrown by the wave of anger that swept over France when the facts became known. M. Poincaré then succeeded him as the man best fitted to form a consolidated Republican Cabinet. Last July a domestican, instead of a foreign, crisis caused the nation to choose the second man instead of the first as the one best fitted to form a consolidated National Cabinet. He has accomplished this by securing the coöperation of his arch-opponent M. Herriot, which was the supreme surprise of all, and uniting in a single ministry M. Briand and the Premier who had just overthrown him.

Wickham Steed, writing in the London *Sunday Times*, asserts that no man bears heavier responsibility than Poincaré himself for the financial crisis he has been called upon to solve. 'For the mishandling of the reparations and war debts question M. Poincaré was especially answerable. While President of the Reparations Commission in 1920 he began a campaign against the limitation of the German Reparations debt to a fixed sum, and resigned

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his position in order to pursue the campaign with greater freedom. When Prime Minister, in 1922, he lacked the courage to put forward a constructive plan for the settlement of war debts and reparations after the British Government had given him an unprecedented opportunity by abdicating leadership through the Balfour Note of August 1922. In December 1922 he haggled in a petty spirit with Mr. Bonar Law at a conference in London, and missed another chance; and, at the beginning of January 1923, he rejected offhand the British Prime Minister's proposals, which offered, in substance, the cancellation by this country of the whole French and Italian war debts to it. Then M. Poincaré went into the Ruhr and got France and Europe into a mess, from which they were, after his fall, rescued with difficulty by the Dawes Settlement of August 1924.'

While everybody agrees that the new Premier has all France, except the Communists and Socialists, behind him, considerable skepticism is exhibited abroad as to his being equally backed by economic forces. His programme, says the London *Outlook*, 'like all his political acts, reflects the strength and the weakness of the man. He is a Frenchman who believes in France even to the extent of assuming that his countrymen will pay taxes out of patriotism. Whether the assumption is justified remains to be seen. It is the tendency of the average Frenchman to regard his life as his country's, but his savings as his own. On the other hand, M. Poincaré finds it singularly hard to look beyond the frontiers of France. When he was last in office he sent to London a note which practically repudiated his country's responsibility for her war debt. Payment, he declared, could only be made out of reparations. The British Treasury quietly ignored this emphatic language and bided its time to negotiate an agreement. Realist as he is, M. Poincaré would probably accept the agreement were he convinced of the necessity of foreign credits. But he is of opinion that France is strong enough to save herself, and he is thoroughly aware of the intense hostility of French opinion to the whole policy of debt settlement. Here then is the first and greatest of the lions in his path. The last remnant of foreign credit has been exhausted in the effort to bring the franc below 200 to the pound. There can be no fresh loan without repayment, no repayment without a change in French opinion, no change in French opinion without a lead from M. Poincaré.'

Smoke or Fire in Russia?

ZINOVIEV'S enforced withdrawal from the Executive of the Russian Communist Party, and the alleged conspiracy of a group of younger insurgents in that Party against the controlling faction now in power, have naturally resulted in a crop of ultrasensational rumors from that country. Dismissing the stories of armed revolt or prospective revolt as probably based on hopes rather than actuality, the fact remains that a certain restlessness favorable to insurgency prevails in the rank and file of the politically awakened followers of the Soviet Government. Stalin, the Commissar who comes nearest to being master in Moscow to-day, is reported by keen observers, who have had an opportunity to watch him in action, to be a man of unusual power and vigor — distinctly of the dictatorial type. Historical comparisons are too facile in Russia to be convincing, and those who see a second Peter the Great in every rising Soviet politician are probably misled by their

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love of analogies. But Russia is probably drifting toward one-man rule, and there is little likelihood that either Zinoviev or Lashevich, a witty and ambitious opponent of Stalin in the Communist inner circle, will be the man.

Arthur Ransome, who probably knows Russia as well, and judges her present situation as sympathetically, as any foreign correspondent, writes in the *Manchester Guardian* that neither Zinoviev nor Lashevich 'can be seriously suspected of plotting against the Party in the normal sense of the word,' and predicts that they will, like Trotskii and other temporary heretics before them, 'look for rehabilitation to a change of opinion in themselves or their opponents, and not to any sort of conspiracy.'

The current of profounder change that flows beneath these surface phenomena is apparently carrying Russia's present rulers away from the Third International, which has so seriously compromised the success of their policies. Last July their programme received two hard knocks, extinguishing all hopes of an immediate foreign loan, which has become almost imperative since the failure of the attempted internal loan. First, the Franco-Russian debt negotiations at Paris were postponed, following Caillaux's blunt statement that Russia must recognize her pre-war and post-war debts, and definitely engage to pay them, before any money could be advanced her. The second blow was a cable which Secretary Kellogg sent from Washington to Chicherin, the Soviet Commissar of Foreign Affairs, declining to consider the proposed visit to our capital of Mr. Sokolnikov, the Soviet Chief Commissar for Finance. Under such circumstances it is natural that those whose interests are bound up with the continuance of the present Government, and with whom facts count for more than theories, should wish to jettison enough of the Communist cargo to weather the economic storm and to get under the lee of some financial Gibraltar.

Balkan Friction

RELATIONS between Bulgaria and her neighbors, which seemed last spring to be entering upon a more harmonious phase than at any time since the war, have been disturbed by a series of frontier incidents due to the incursions of lawless bands of Bulgarian malcontents into the territories of Rumania and Yugoslavia. The alarming phase of the tension thus produced seems to have passed, without a repetition of serious fighting such as occurred not long ago between Bulgaria and Greece. The Sofia Government admittedly has a difficult task on its hands. Before the war Bulgaria, with her sound finances, her excellent army, her modern system of public schools, and her peasant freeholders, promised to become the leading nation in the Balkans. Her false step when she joined Germany in 1915 ruined this prospect, and left her a defeated, bankrupt, harassed country surrounded by stronger neighbors. Above all, her hope of ever uniting under her flag the Bulgarians living beyond her borders has been deferred indefinitely. These 'unredeemed' people of her race are the real cause of her present difficulties. They have imposed upon her impoverished Government a tremendous refugee problem and have filled her territories with restless, uprooted, lawless men who have nothing to lose by creating disorder and have every inducement to gamble in risky adventures.

These people form the bands which foray across the border. The League of Nations has authorized a loan of

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two million dollars to Bulgaria to help relieve the situation, partly because it realizes that her present distress is not only a source of national discontent but indirectly a threat to international peace. Yet it is evident that for some time to come peace in the Balkans must depend on the policeman's club wielded by the Great Powers.

Minor Notes

THE Chinaman may be a pacifist on principle, but he is rapidly becoming a militarist in practice. Although the Ministry of War lists only five arsenals as operating under the control of the Peking Government, it is estimated that a score or more are actually at work in that country with imported machinery turning out modern weapons and ammunition. Were repair shops and powder works to be added to the enumeration, the total would run into the hundreds. Chang Tso-lin's Mukden arsenal manufactures chemicals, poison gases, smokeless powder, hand grenades, machine guns, field artillery, rifles, airplane parts, and two hundred thousand rifle cartridges daily. At another one of the larger arsenals, Hanyang, operating with machinery supplied by Krupps and by American firms, five thousand men are employed.

A TOPIC which appears to have aroused great interest at the discussions of the Liberal Party's summer school in England last month was the bearing of the inheritance of wealth upon social unrest. Great Britain already imposes heavy death duties, but it is now proposed to extend the principle still further by taxing reinherited estates at a heavier rate than estates acquired by the efforts of the deceased person himself. This is an extension of the principle already involved in assessing income taxes, where the levy upon unearned incomes is heavier than that upon earned incomes.

THE DEATH DANCE OF THE FRANC
—*Aux Écoutes*, Paris

EUROPE WEARING AN AMERICAN COLLAR
—*Izvestia*, Moscow

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MEXICO'S EDUCATIONAL EFFORT[1]

BY GABRIELA MISTRAL

[GABRIELA MISTRAL, as many of our readers are aware, is a Chilean poetess who has won distinction not only in letters but as a voluminous writer and ardent worker in behalf of the cultural progress of Latin America. She is easily the leading author of her sex in the America-South-of-Us. Some passages have been summarized and a few others omitted for space considerations.]

I. LIBRARIES

THE Government's Library Bureau has already established some fifteen hundred libraries throughout the Republic. These are classified as popular, industrial, school (one division of which is for very young children), institutional (in barracks, trade-union headquarters, and hospitals), traveling, and rural. The idea is ultimately to place appropriate reading within the reach of every soldier, workingman, peasant, and child in Mexico, regardless of his wealth or poverty. It is hoped that the soldier of to-morrow will have acquired a taste for reading and culture that will make him less brutal; that the isolated country school-teacher will be able to keep somewhat in touch with the larger currents of life; that the Indian peasant may learn a little of agriculture outside his traditional Aztec routine; and that the child will acquire in his formative years a habit of daily reading which will stay with him through life and make him a worthy citizen of a free country.

Readers' hints are printed at regular intervals in a government *Library Bulletin*, which are designed to call the attention of readers — especially those whose education is insufficient to enable them to consult an ordinary catalogue intelligently — to the books and periodicals likely to be of most interest and profit to them. One number of the *Bulletin* is devoted entirely to books on agriculture, another to books for children. Each issue contains a list of the more important new works and a summary of library news. In order to correlate the work of the schools and the libraries, school-teachers are appointed library inspectors. One of the duties particularly impressed upon them is to see to it that the books sent out to the small libraries are not over the heads of their readers, and to prevent these institutions from becoming merely decorative.

A special effort has been made to create an interest in books on the social sciences. The Government has even more at stake, perhaps, than the people themselves in enlightening the masses of workingmen and peasants upon the fundamental questions that have agitated Mexico since the beginning of the revolution. It is better for the workingman to become accustomed to receiving his opinions from books than from demagogic public speakers. Even if a book be ultraradical, another book will prove its antidote.

An observant library inspector comments upon the eagerness with which

[1] From *El Universal* (Mexican Independent daily), *July* 12, 17, 24

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the semiliterate masses devour illustrated publications. The Department subscribes for about one hundred different reviews and newspapers of this character, both at home and abroad. I personally have observed how the peasant, struggling laboriously with his new accomplishment, invariably begins by spelling out items in the simple little local paper, next interests himself in the flamboyant illustrated weeklies, and finally takes up the printed book. Simultaneously the big dailies of the capital, which now circulate to the farthest confines of the Republic, are doing much to break down the parochialism and sectionalism that have hitherto been such a source of weakness to the nation.

An innovation borrowed from abroad is the story hour in the children's libraries, sometimes to audiences of a thousand little ones. This institution has proved tremendously popular. The child repeats the story at home or in school, where it is often capped by some old native legend by his grandfather or grandmother, which is then brought back to the story circle. Wherever I went in Mexico I was impressed by this disposition of all classes of the people to do their part in trying to increase and enrich the native culture. The movies are used to advertise the new books received by the libraries by giving a brief account of their contents.

One feature in the *Library Bulletin* has surprised me — the inauguration of an anti-Catholic library. One of the great dangers in Mexico is the possibility of a religious war, which will divide the nation hopelessly and be a tremendous setback to its progress. My mind turns to a statement by Minister Vandervelde of Belgium, who is one of the great Socialist leaders of Europe, to the effect that 'the victory of Socialism in Belgium depends in no slight degree upon its attitude toward the religious question. That is a subject that must be left to be settled in each man's private conscience, and should be kept entirely out of politics.' It is extremely dangerous to start an agitation over an issue which interests at least ten millions of people in Mexico, and which, as all history proves, will stir up deeper bitterness than any ordinary economic controversy.

No activity of the Government's Library Bureau is more interesting or important than its popular reading courses. These naturally take the color of their environment. In an erudite country where the minds of the people have been fashioned by the schoolmaster such courses are apt to be formal and systematic; and public reading-rooms will be filled with students, humped up over their books for two or three hours at a time without moving, who look like Egyptian scribes. But the reading-room of a village library in Mexico is a lively, voluble place, where the readers are constantly talking and commenting with vivid interest on each point in a story that excites their attention.

It may give an exaggerated idea of the interest in reading in Mexico to learn that the Government has already established fifteen hundred libraries; yet the authorities plan ultimately to have a library for every school. That to-day would mean five thousand. But while this campaign continues vigorously in some directions, there has been a curtailment in others. For example, the government publishing office, which proposed to issue great editions of the classics, has been suspended after a lively debate over its utility. People object that 'for every volume of Plato, Mexico might print fifty primers for the Indians,' and that 'the classics are above the heads of the village reader.' Nevertheless, for

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every obscure Plotinus the Government published a lucid Tagore, for every abstruse Plato an evangelical Tolstoi, so that the average was not as heavy as represented. Some of the government editions, such as the Children's Classics, are truly wonderful. The authorities seem to say: 'The finest printing, the most artistic illustrations, the most sumptuous make-up, that come from our press shall be for the little ones.' Yet these wonderful volumes are, after all, too de luxe for their purpose. They are more suitable for treasuring on library shelves than for dirty urchins' untidy hands. On the other hand, I read with astonishment figures showing the number of these books that are sold to private purchasers. It was prophesied that a government printing office would be forced to furnish its products gratis, but sales statistics show that these official editions are bought eagerly by the public.

II. CORRESPONDENCE COURSES

One of the most sensible measures undertaken by the Government in its programme of popular education is to establish correspondence courses for rural teachers. I can still see the great room in the offices of the Ministry of Education from which packages are sent out to teachers in all parts of the Republic. Each contains plans for general lessons, monographs on local industries, and other teachers' aids. And how the rural teachers do study this material, and learn little by little to make themselves independent of such outside help! The standards of the country school in Mexico have been raised remarkably within a comparatively short period; and this is one of the finest achievements of the Educational Department. Among the latest efforts in this direction are normal schools especially for country teachers, where three hundred Indian or mestizo students are received, boarded, and taught for three years. Their courses are carefully planned to make them thoroughly familiar with the locality where they are to teach — its industries, natural resources, climate, and social problems. The first thing in view is to help the rural schools to prepare their pupils to utilize intelligently the things that nature has given them. For example, students from Oaxaca have their courses correlated around the manufacture of such products as castor oil; those from Puebla are taught how to employ its wonderful colored marbles, and the secrets of its art crafts. A *Rural School-Teacher's Library* of six volumes has been prepared by the Department of Education — excellent books, with a maximum of information in a minimum of space. The teacher must master these first, before he takes up specifically pedagogical works.

Although the Government of Mexico is commonly described as 'Socialist,' it interests itself primarily in the tiller of the soil. But each locality is encouraged to help itself. For example, Santa Rosa, in the state of Nuevo León, is a village of small freeholders, where there are no large estates. Each man owns his *jacal*, or adobe hut, a small piece of land, and a few domestic animals. But in respect to money the community is extremely poor. Nevertheless, it has taken up the school question with enthusiasm, and largely by donations of labor, land, and material in kind has provided itself with a school property valued at between three and four thousand dollars.

III. RADIO COURSES

Among other educational agencies which are controlled by the Ministry of Education is a Radio Bureau, which is in charge of a lady. The sending station, which is powerful enough to

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reach all sections of the Republic, is installed in the head offices of the Department. The leading scholars and speakers of Mexico contribute their services, and their lectures are heard at receiving stations all over the country. The best doctors give courses on public sanitation and hygiene; agricultural experts tell how to raise familiar crops. Courses are also given on elementary pedagogy and on the native dialects. Certain evenings are devoted to a single theme — for example, the life and works of a great poet or scholar. One third of the programme is musical. Each talk is limited to fifteen minutes. Since several different languages are spoken in Mexico, some of these talks are given in local dialects, so that they may reach the whole population of the villages to which they are addressed. Receiving stations have been installed in the larger schools, the prisons, and the hospitals — five hundred new ones having been put in the present year. It is proposed to have the pupils in the industrial schools build simple receiving sets, to be distributed to even the most remote and isolated communities.

Another new thing in Mexican education is the requirement of compulsory school excursions, which must be taken every Saturday under the teachers' direction to some place of local interest, where pupils and instructors alike will be outdoors and can study things instead of books. A modest beginning has been made with open-air schools.

IV. FOR BETTER TEACHERS

No single subject has preoccupied the Department of Education more, however, than the primary task of improving the teaching staff, especially in the elementary schools. The schoolmaster promises to do more than any other man in the country to shape its coming destinies. That is true, indeed, of all America. Señor Moisés Sáenz, the Secretary of Education, is well acquainted with the United States. He knows that the true builders of that vigorous and aggressive civilization have been the nation's school-teachers, and above all its country school-teachers. He knows, also, that the effectiveness of the teacher depends primarily upon his character. The man entrusted with the duty of raising the level of the laboring people and creating a progressive community spirit in rural districts must have careful but sympathetic guidance. Professor Sáenz is one of those American educators who labor with their eyes constantly fixed upon the things of the spirit, and therefore he labors more fruitfully than a mere rationalist could. I say this realizing that his religious belief is different from my own; but we both agree in the conviction that man's chief purpose in this world is to cultivate the things of the spirit, and that material and intellectual progress must be made subservient to them.

Normal-school instructors are awake to the fact that it is their mission, not only to rear up a new generation of teachers, but also to help the teachers who are already in service. They have organized special courses, which have been attended by more than a thousand of the latter, and they have already conducted a number of summer institutes. The teachers from the capital, when they go out to provincial towns to give such courses, are entertained in the homes of the local teachers, so that each may benefit by association with the other. An important function of these summer courses has been to instruct the teachers in manual training and local handicrafts, which, under the new programme, are to occupy about half the school hours. But as it is impossible for all the country teachers in a land as large and as undeveloped as Mexico to meet even at local centres,

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so-called 'cultural missions' are sent out, whose members carry with them a traveling library and in some cases a model schoolhouse. These missions establish themselves even in the remotest part of the country, and carry the good work to the teachers in their homes.

In Mexico the authorities leave as much as possible to the discretion of the individual teacher. Nothing surprised me more than the complete academic freedom I found there. I attribute to this freedom no small part of the initiative and enthusiasm which seem to inspire the teaching force. At the beginning of the year the faculties of the secondary and normal schools submit their programmes to an official called a Course Supervisor. Outside of a certain minimum of required topics, the rest of the field is open to the instructor's personal initiative, to deal with as he thinks best, and he has every incentive to use his creative abilities to the utmost.

Kindergartens, which in many countries are aristocratic institutions reserved for the well-to-do, are thoroughly democratic. The thirteen in Mexico City have been established in the very poorest parts of the capital. The child who needs to be taught to sing, to play games that develop his faculties, and to love school work, is above all the poor child. Furthermore, even in Mexico the number of mothers who are obliged to absent themselves from home to work in factories or shops is increasing rapidly, and the kindergartens keep their little ones off the streets.

The National University justifies its name. It is an institution that works for the nation. For example, the Department of Chemistry tries to train chemists qualified to direct the exploitation of the country's natural resources. The present Government intends that Mexico shall no longer be exclusively a land of raw materials. With the help of factory managers, the University selects the brightest operatives and employees and gives them instruction that they can apply in their regular work. On the other hand, night courses are provided where clerks and mechanics can acquire some knowledge of the humanities. In a similar way the medical school not only maintains a free dispensary, but its faculty takes an active part in instructing the workers in the elements of sanitation and hygiene.

One of the most successful undertakings of the Educational Department, from an international standpoint, has been the University's summer courses, which have been planned particularly for teachers of Spanish from the United States. The programme of studies is admirably designed to give those who attend them a general knowledge of the geography, history, and character of Mexico, and to some extent of all Spanish America, while they are perfecting themselves in the native idiom. About a thousand foreigners have thus come to Mexico, primarily to improve their Spanish, but during their two months' sojourn they have unconsciously absorbed some knowledge of the people's Indo-Spanish culture. Misunderstandings between the United States and Mexico are not due entirely to economic causes. They are the inevitable result of contrasting habits of thought and action. A better appreciation of such 'sentimental' points of difference is an additional guaranty of peace.

Another striking success in Mexico's larger cultural campaign is cultivating native dramatic talent. During the spring festivals a great historical pageant is held in the aschæological zone of Teotihuacán, amid the great hewn stones where the Toltecs once worshiped and sacrificed. The past his-

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tory of the race is thus vividly portrayed to its descendants. The piece presented last spring was written by Rubén Campos, and was given in the open air in the shadow of the Pyramids of the Sun and the Moon.

So Mexico — so all Latin America — is struggling upward. Our peoples say to Europe: 'America is not only resurrecting herself from the débris of her revolutions, but she is laboring, building schools, training better teachers to spread the gospel of peace, constructing out of her native materials a new educational curriculum. America is charting moral standards of her own to pilot her into an already dawning future. She may imitate Europe, but she is striving to avoid Europe's errors.'

POLITICAL PARTIES IN FRANCE. II[1]

BY CHARLES SEIGNOBOS
PROFESSOR AT THE SORBONNE

IT would be impossible to find anywhere in France a district where the whole population is of the same political opinion. Every precinct has members of several parties, and there is no department where a single ticket is presented at the polls. France has no political sectionalism such as exists in the United States. Party geography is therefore rather vague, and is determined by local majorities. Subject to that qualification, one may say in general that France is divided first into Conservative regions, — where the old ruling classes have preserved some of their ancient influence, — like Brittany, Anjou, Maine, and Poitou in the Northwest. These are pastoral and moorland districts with a sparse population and without large cities or industrial centres. The peasants live on scattered holdings as small tenants, isolated from the world, ignorant, poor, and controlled by the landlords and the priests. This district, except for the harbor towns of Nantes and Saint-Malo, has regularly sent Royalist deputies to the Chamber.

Normandy, with the exception of the industrial city of Rouen and the naval centre of Cherbourg, is also Conservative. The people are temperamentally much like the country folks of England. The Norman peasant does not trouble himself much about religion. He is well-to-do; he is not particularly interested in democracy; he cherishes a deep respect for the constituted authorities and for property; and he is instinctively afraid of change. As a result he generally votes solidly for Conservative candidates.

On the other hand, Southeastern and Eastern France are democratic and modern. It was here that the first Republican Party was organized in 1792. Roughly, this region embraces Provence, the Dauphiné, Burgundy and Léon with the neighboring districts, Franche-Comté, and La Bresse.

[1] From *Frankfurter Zeitung* (Liberal daily), *June* 20, 22, 24

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Similar political tendencies prevail throughout Southern France from Languedoc to the Pyrenees. Its inhabitants live mostly in country towns, villages, and hamlets, and consist of small farmers, tradesmen, artisans, and a middle class of moderate means. Except for the inhabitants of a few of the remoter mountain valleys, they have long since thrown off all political allegiance to the Church; they recognize no distinctions of rank or wealth, and have completely forgotten the old régime; and they always send to Parliament strong majorities for the Parties of the Left. The Southerners of Provence and Languedoc, who pride themselves on their progressiveness, are inclined to favor the Socialists. 'In fact no practical difference between the Socialists and Radicals exists in the South, but now and then a district will elect a professed Socialist in preference to a Radical, with the help of the Conservative majority, which has often followed under the Third Republic 'the policy of the greater evil.'

Southwestern France, including the Mediterranean coast, Gascony, that portion of Languedoc tributary to Toulouse, Guienne, and Périgord, forms a distinct political region. Its people have the Gascon temperament so often portrayed in our literature. Except for those living in the high Pyrenees, they are suspicious and indifferent to politics and religion. A small portion of this district, including the fertile lowland and vineyard regions, is inhabited by a democracy of small farmers and artisans who always vote for the Left. But the political apathy of a majority of the population enables the Government to exercise an influence here which it rarely possesses in other parts of France; and the majority generally vote with the Party in power. Business considerations have relatively more influence in determining the action of the voters than anywhere else in the country. Toulouse and the smaller industrial centres, however, form islands of Radical or Socialist opinion. On the other hand, the only other large city in this region, Bordeaux, is not even dependably Republican. Its shopkeepers and the Protestants of Périgord are Republican, as they are everywhere in France, but without strong party feeling.

The broad, hilly plateau that is drained by the Loire and its tributaries and extends from Western France to the Atlantic Ocean is a great battle-ground between Conservatism and Radicalism. It is here that the peasant freeholders, the tradesmen, and the orchardists of the Loire Valley and part of Berry meet the dairy farmers of Charente and Poitou, and the big landlords of Berry. The population is very dense throughout the districts where the vine, vegetables, and fruit are cultivated, and is very sparse in the sterile and swampy uplands. The iron and coal mines of Berry and Bourbonnais have attracted a growing number of industrial workers. Most of the people have little regard for the authority of the clergy or the social prestige of the rich. But even these democratic and anticlerical peasants, remembering their exceptional prosperity under the Empire, for many years voted for Bonapartist candidates. On the other hand, the working classes are Radical and Socialist. To-day the peasants and small shopkeepers are for the most part Radical Socialists or Conservative Republicans. North of the Loire the same general conditions prevail, although here the peasantry, after long hesitation, seems to have committed itself finally to the Left. Between the heights of the Loire and the narrow valley of the Rhone lies a zone of mountainous, sterile country where the population is relatively sparse and con-

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centrated in isolated villages and hamlets without much intercourse with the outer world. These people hold fast to tradition and look upon the priests as their political leaders. Throughout this region the country voters, led by the clergy, divide majorities with the Republicans of the towns, except that in districts with a considerable Protestant population, like the Cévennes, the latter invariably vote for the Left and the Catholics for the Right. A similar situation exists in the Jura and Savoy.

Northwestern France — Brie, Champagne, Lorraine, the district of the Ardennes, and Alsace — is occupied by people of different races and lineage, who possess no political unity. Brie with its fertile farms, and Champagne with its great vineyards and ancient textile industry, are democratic and anticlerical. The people of the Ardennes, who bear a strong resemblance to their Walloon neighbors in Belgium, are democratic to the core. The working people in the small industrial towns along the Maas are convinced Socialists without being doctrinaires. In Alsace, which was a centre of Republican opposition to the Empire of the third Napoleon, the Catholic clergy, who became very strong during German rule, are fighting to preserve their power against the Republican middle classes and the Socialist workers. The people of Lorraine have a political temperament of their own. The middle classes are Conservative Republicans, and the clergy are still very influential. Little by little the majority has drifted toward the Right. The textile workers of Mülhausen and the miners of Brie still waver between the Conservative influence of their employers and the propaganda of the Socialists.

Northern France, with its great textile factories, mines, and metallurgical works, and its intensive agriculture, is politically the least true to type of any part of the country. Until the seventeenth century the territory north of the Somme belonged to the Belgian Netherlands, and it still retains the political ways of that country. Its plodding, industrious, and peace-loving people take far more interest in local politics than they do in national affairs. As in Belgium, they are inclined to form three groups. The wealthy industrialists are strongly Catholic, and have retained great influence over the country people, who are to some extent their tenants, and over the small tradesmen who depend upon their patronage. A majority of the working population, however, no longer obeys the clergy, and has a powerful political organization of its own.

Paris and its suburbs is politically a world in itself. In fact the metropolis and the surrounding towns have their own political geography, determined by the social groupings of the population. That portion of the city on the right bank of the Seine, from Passy to the Market, where the luxury trades and the wealthy have their homes, and the quarter upon the left bank of the Seine from the Champs des Mars to the Church of St.-Sulpice, have remained Conservative with Catholic or Nationalist sympathies. The former suburbs, which now form the Labor districts of the East, embracing Saint-Antoine, Montmartre, La Villette, and Bercy, formerly a Radical stronghold, have become Socialist or Communist, except in a few localities where rebuilding has brought in a petit bourgeois element of Nationalist sympathies. The southern suburbs on the left bank of the Seine have a mixed population of Socialist working people and Nationalist members of the middle class. Catholics, Radicals, and Socialists also divide the field in the inner quarters of

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the old city — the Temple, the Latin Quarter, and Marais. Farther north, in the industrial zones of Saint-Ouen, Saint-Denis, Aubervilliers, and Pantin, the extreme Left, with its Socialists and Communists, holds the fort. To the west, from Auteuil and Boulogne to Versailles, and south as far as Vincennes, are the villas and detached residences of the wealthy middle classes, and the homes of truck gardeners, retailers, and pensioners, most of whom are Conservative and Nationalist. During the last few years, however, the steady outflow of the population from the centre of the city to the suburbs has strengthened the parties of the Left in these districts.

Around Paris extends a wide zone of châteaux and country estates owned by members of the former nobility and by great industrialists and financiers who have intermarried with them. The bourgeois population is sparse and is dependent on these rich patrons; and it has adopted their political opinions. Only a few local industrial centres and the small peasants, who cherish a fierce hatred for the game wardens and bailies of the wealthy estate owners, vote for the Left. On the whole, however, Paris is not as Radical as the rest of France, although it tends to go to extremes — to be either Nationalist or Communist.

One can say in summary that the parties of the Left have the upper hand in the East, the Southeast, the South, the industrial districts of the North and Northeast, and the industrial sections of Paris. They have conquered Western France except the mountainous district, where the Clericals are still in control. In the Southwest, where the parties of the Left have always had a majority in certain districts, their influence is extending, in spite of the political apathy of the population.

The parties of the Right control the aristocratic Northwestern section of the country, including Normandy, the Catholic North, a large part of Paris and its suburbs, and several outlying mountain districts. Old-type Republicans still hold their own in the Northeast and in a part of the Southwest; while the Nationalists recruit their followers almost exclusively in Paris and its neighborhood and in Lorraine.

This geographical distribution of political sentiment has persisted without great modification for a century or more. It changes only slightly with the advent of new generations of voters. A foreigner whose ideas are colored by memories of the Paris Revolution, and who is misled by the multiplicity of factions in the Chamber of Deputies, is apt to imagine that French voters change their opinions frequently and capriciously. That is quite contrary to the truth. As a great student of our political history says: 'The alleged changeable Frenchman is far more tenacious of his political opinions than an Englishman.'

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SPAIN AND EUROPE [1]

BY COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING

[SEVERAL paragraphs of this rather abstruse essay have been summarized.]

IN an absolute sense Spain belongs to Africa. A person who crosses the Pyrenees from France really passes from a land of gardens to a desert. Whatever in Spain is not desert is plateau or oasis. I use the emphatic word 'desert' to impress upon the reader at the outset an essential quality; but of course I do not mean it literally. What I wish to stress is a cosmic, stellar, all-dominating, planetary power over the individual's life — a life which, from the astronomical standpoint, is but an infinitely tiny tremor.

This overwhelming quality of the physical environment is characteristic of Africa and of her culture. From the earliest ages Spain has been a cultural appanage of Africa. Her culture is a particular expression of the same spirit of ancient ancestry plus primitive vigor that already exhibited itself in the pre-Egyptian civilized nations and that exists as truly in the Arab or the Berber as in the Spaniard. It is an ancient and aboriginal spirit. He who would study the culinary art of the Stone Age need only visit the shepherds of the Spanish Sierras. The very antiquity of typical Spanish traits makes the Basques, who stand for the oldest element in the nation, the most representative members of the race.

On the other hand, however, the Spaniard has also an ancient civilization. Yet this likewise is not European, but African, and is easier for us to recognize when we see it in the Bedouin, who, having resided for millenniums in the desert, and having conquered his environment, has become of its own image. He is stern, serious, strong-willed, elemental. When aroused he is fanatical, like the wind of the desert. Has the Spaniard, considered historically, ever been different from this? The desert dweller invariably has a strong vein of romance in his make-up. Every man of the desert is at heart a Don Quijote. In other words, his life consists of mastering what is obstinately petty and conventional, and therefore ridiculous, compared with the orderly infinity of the cosmos. This rising superior to the commonplace merely makes him absurd in the eyes of the spectator, but for the Spaniard Don Quijote is never amusing. On the contrary, he is a supreme symbol, far more than is Goethe for the German.

In truth, is there not always a Quijote element in every great and typical action of the Spaniard, from the Cid down to Unamuno? Cortes burned his ships behind him; Pizarro set forth to conquer Peru with a corporal's guard; Loyola would make all mankind the disciplined soldiery of the Church; solitary Unamuno challenges the State to single combat. Every typical Spaniard stands alone and isolated like Don Quijote; that is the way man lives in the desert.

He maintains this mental and physical isolation even though, like every

[1] From the *Revista de Occidente* (Madrid literary monthly), *May*

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Mediterranean man, he sees things in the first instance from the point of view of his neighbor, and therefore easily accommodates himself to the exigencies of the community. In this he is very different from the German, who is psychologically an introverted soul. The Spaniard knows that he must live his life alone, that in reality no one can help him do so. For that reason he possesses a certain manliness, a native dignity, and sometimes has a great desire to rule over men — not over women or over things. As a man relying on himself he neither shows nor asks mercy. He demands to be absolutely himself, to stand on his own feet. For this reason he finds it hard to understand justice in the Western sense. He imagines that vendetta, taking justice into his own hands, is the only logical and honorable recourse.

I have never forgotten a fresco by Goya in the Prado which represents two duelists breast to breast and buried to their knees, so that neither can escape the other. I also recall the fact that duels are still fought in Aragon, in which the adversaries first encircle each other tightly with their left arms, holding their knives in their right hands. Personal bravery is everything to the inhabitant of the desert. Abstract justice is incomprehensible to such a mind, except as exercised by the Inquisition, which expresses perfectly the Spaniard's intense passion for domination, for bending others to his will. No other institution has ever been so popular in Spain as the Holy Brotherhood.

The inhabitant of the desert is stern, and yet imaginative. But above all he craves life, because the dead desert always cries aloud for life. But his sentiment of life is absolutely practical. He does not dream of any ethereal existence. He knows that he is made of flesh and blood. Above all he is keenly conscious of life's tragedy. The best Spanish crucifixes invariably represent the Saviour drawing his last breath. A Spaniard therefore affirms death in the same breath as he affirms life. In loving life he loves blood, which is its immediate symbol.

That is why the bull ring has such a hold upon him. A bullfight calls into play masculine bravery, the thirst for blood — but not cruelty. Your Spaniard is not cruel. It is only the small and mean man who is cruel. When the Spaniard is not stirred by passion he is extremely humane. In no prisons are men more kindly treated than in those of Spain.

But where the will to live is so overmastering, it transcends itself. In the vast spaces of the desert men conceive that intense longing for personal survival which is illustrated by the Islamic doctrine of immortality in a Paradise as beautiful as an oasis.

I have traced roughly the salient lines of Spain's eternal portrait, touching only the positive because the positive alone has interest for others. Now what can Spain be for Europe? Let us turn back to our initial consideration. What a nation signifies to God, to itself, and to others, are three different things. Spain is of importance to Europe only in so far as she is different from other countries and contributes her own peculiar note to the symphony.

Let us glance for a moment at Europe's opposite pole, Russia. What is the significance for Europe of that country's great literature, which, as a description of purely Russian conditions, has no interest except for a Russian? It is due to the fact that the Russian lacks the interior norms which, since the Middle Ages, — Russia had neither a Middle Ages nor a Renaissance, — have shaped Europe's thought and will. Consequently the Russian is not crystallized, but is still

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in solution, and approaches God naturally and uninfluenced by inherited preconceptions. It is for this reason that the soul of Europe has no better polarizer than Russia with which to come closer to its Creator.

Neither has Spain followed the same path as Europe; but her divergence has been different from that of Russia. Since Philip II, she has lived her own life, retired and withdrawn into herself. She took no part in the World War. What is even more important, she has not shared Europe's intellectualization. That has been her loss hitherto; but now the pendulum is swinging in the opposite direction, away from the eighteenth century and its fruits. Thus Spain, obeying the law of symbolism in history, has become the limit or symbol of the present retrogressive movement. The Spaniard knows that the spirit is something actual and distinct, incarnated in the flesh. He will have naught of the theories of the psychoanalyst. Miguel de Unamuno, the most important living Spaniard for Europe, — and certainly the most significant Spaniard since Goya, — is an apostle of faith, of blood, of the tragic, of Don Quijote as the supreme symbol of man. Spain therefore stands in respect to the synthesis we call Europe as representing primitive cosmos — that which existed before there was history and will continue to exist to the end. . . . Every Spaniard is a *señor*, with the instinctive sentiment of dignity and noblesse oblige that this word connotes. But this means ideal democracy, which can exist only when men are equal on a higher plane and not on a lower plane. I shall never forget the impression that a young Spanish village matron, the mother of six tiny children, produced upon me when she received two Spanish dukes and me in her humble cabin after an automobile accident. She treated these two gentlemen exactly as her equals; and so they were, for she was quite as dignified and self-possessed in her station of life as the Duke of Alva in his. I can see that the nation treats its King in the same way.

Your true Spaniard is never a snob. He is the most distinguished of all men. He is etiquette incarnate. He feels instinctively that pose and affectation are unworthy. Only by acquiring this quality can Europe survive her present transitional crisis.

A shrewd Spaniard once said to me that the absence of snobbery in his nation was not an advantage, but a handicap, because a snob rapidly adapts himself to that which is above him. . . . I answered that that is true to some extent, but only in respect to what is merely formal and mechanical. The Spaniard is dynamic, to be sure, but he is antimechanical. He is strong in faith, but weak in criticism. Consequently he has nothing to gain and everything to lose by trying to be an Englishman, a German, or a Frenchman.

The excellences of the Spaniard reside in his character. He is essentially nonprogressive. He is the eternal African in the best sense of the word; and that is precisely what he should continue to be.

It was the true-bred Spaniard who in prehistoric times erected the proud rock monuments of his country; who repeatedly ruled the Roman Empire; who conquered the New World; who has painted our greatest portraits; who has fought for the faith; and who to-day, through the mouth of Unamuno, proclaims with magnificent simplicity the evangel of tragedy and suffering. And in all these things he has been true to type.

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NEW GOETHE MATERIAL[1]

THE RUDOLF VON BEYER DIARY

[RUDOLF VON BEYER, a romantic novelist of a century ago, has been forgotten. A few months ago, however, his grandson, in going over his papers, found portions of a diary describing, among other things, the author's meeting when a boy with Goethe. This episode forms the substance of the following article.]

ON April 5, 1820, Goethe made an entry in his diary: 'Went to Berka early.' He returned to Weimar on the same day — a Wednesday. Nothing more was known of this brief excursion until now that a number of loose pages, yellow with age and lightly penciled over in Rudolf von Beyer's fine handwriting, reveal what happened. We will leave Von Beyer to tell the story in his own words.

'All my life,' he writes, 'it was a holy delight for me to have seen great men. I am especially proud, not only to have seen the great Goethe face to face, but to have conversed with him as well. . . .'

This 'sunlike experience,' as Von Beyer calls it in his quaintly enthusiastic manner, he owed to his friendship with Zelter, under whom he studied music. Zelter and Goethe were close friends.

Von Beyer happened to be spending his Easter holiday, 1820, touring Thuringia on foot. Before he left Berlin, Zelter gave him a parcel of music, asking him to give it to the organist Schütz, who lived at Berka. Schütz too was a friend of Goethe's.

Von Beyer's narrative continues: —

'I was in a happy mood when I started on my journey and when I halted at Berka.

'I remember it well — this charming little town in the Thuringian forest, where the spring laughed in my heart. The River Ilm winds between pleasant banks. Birds called and twittered from every branch.'

Schütz received him 'like a friend.'

One day Von Beyer lingered in the music-room.

'The old mahogany furniture,' he writes, 'with its silken gloss, gave the room an atmosphere of warm and homely comfort. The portraits of the great masters were on the walls in oval frames. Bach looked down from above the piano with wonderful sublimity. Music was lying on the table, and there was a bunch of catkins in a porcelain amphora.'

Some of the music was bound in 'burning red.' These red bindings made 'a particularly deep impression on me.'

'The windows were narrow, but let in plenty of sunlight that flooded the room in silvery swathes. Honeysuckle peeped in at the windows. There was meadowland in the distance. There was a merry burgeoning in the garden, over which a brownish verdant sheen was spread. The crocuses were in flower. No doubt tulips, larkspur, love-lies-bleeding, and carnations blossomed there in summer. Perhaps Goethe's

[1] From the *Manchester Guardian* (Independent-Liberal daily), *July* 8, 9

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benevolent eye would rejoice in them some day!

'The thought came to me: I should love to have seen Goethe myself — for the life of me, I should! But he was in Weimar — there was no reason why he should come to Berka.'

There was a low music-stand by the piano. Von Beyer took out one of the volumes 'bound in red' — Bach's chorales, 'familiar and dear to me.'

'But who,' he continues, 'could have described my astonishment, my glad surprise, when, written in Goethe's unmistakable handwriting, I read the glorious words: —

'Lass mich hören, lass mich fühlen,
Was der Klang zum Herzen spricht;
In des Lebens noch so kühlen
Tagen spende Wärme, Licht.

'Immer ist der Sinn empfänglich,
Wenn sich Neues, Grosses beut,
Das ureigen, unvergänglich,
Keines Krittlers Tadel scheut,

'Das aus Tiefen sich lebendig
Zu dem Geisterchor gesellt
Und uns zwanglos und selbständig
Auferbauet eine Welt.

'Tritt der Jünger vor dem Meister,
Sei's zu löblichem Gewinn,
Denn die Nähe reiner Geister
Geistigt aufgeschloss'nen Sinn.

'GOETHE

'WEIMAR, *Weihnachten* 1818.'

(Let me hear, let me feel what the music tells the heart; into life's cold days pour the gifts of warmth and light.

The mind is always ready to receive the new and the great as it is offered, primal, imperishable; fearless of the censure of the criticaster;

Rising quickened out of the depths to join the chorus of spirits and freely and simply to build up for us a world.

If the prentice comes before the master let him profit by it and earn praise, for the neighborhood of the truly inspired inspires the unlocked soul.)

In the Goethe-Zelter correspondence a Christmas present of music to the organist Schütz is mentioned. The verses Von Beyer discovered were no doubt Goethe's dedication to Schütz.

'I stood by the window. A sunbeam falls on the page! What memories of Goethe's presence, here in this house, in this room where he had often listened to Bach's music! I was on holy ground! His hand had rested upon this page! It came upon me like a revelation! A spiritual world unclosed before me! I bowed my head — in the presence of this world my own self became as a mere shadow!'

Von Beyer looked for more. There were two other poems in Goethe's handwriting: —

Denn aus Geringem wächst das Tüchtige,
Dem Hälmchen gleich, das sich zur Sonne kehrt.
Es sondert sich wie Spreu das Nichtige;
Das Korn des Geists allein ist Erntewerth.

(For out of the petty grows the significant, like the little blade that turns to the sun. The worthless is sifted out like chaff; only the grain of the spirit is fit for the harvest.)

And: —

Liebster! Auf der Töne Leiter
Strebe höher, steige weiter;
Geh in reine Sphären ein.
Kann uns nicht Erfüllung werden,
Lernen wir doch schon auf Erden
Letzter Sendung werth zu sein.

(Friend, on the steps of tone press upward, scale the heights, enter the pure spheres. Though fulfillment be not ours, let us yet learn while on earth to be worthy of the final revelation.)

Von Beyer found seven further poems by Goethe, and these too he copied into his notebook, although they were not in Goethe's handwriting. One of them he transcribed on a loose leaf, so he says in his record. This leaf is still among his papers. The writing, in pencil, is in a clear, flowing hand. The poems runs: —

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Osterbotschaft! Auferstanden
Tönt's in allen Christenlanden,
Weckt der Geister Hochgesang.
Tritt auch du aus deinen Falten
Zu den höheren Gestalten,
Seele, Gott sei dein Gesang!

(Easter's message! 'He is risen!' It echoes across every Christian country, rousing the hosannas of the souls. Thou too, come forth from thy wrappings, metamorphosed; Soul, be God thy song!)

The last line is taken from an aria by Graun.

Von Beyer's wish to see Goethe in person was soon to be fulfilled. It was on that eventful Wednesday, April 5, 1820. Von Beyer was only seventeen. 'Since the early morning,' he writes, 'I had been romping in the woods and fields.' He returned to Berka a little before noon: —

The quaint old house was very quiet. Somewhere a cuckoo clock struck the twelfth hour. Something drew me toward the music-room. Perhaps I should never see it again.

I put my hand on the latch. Someone was playing within. I hesitated, and then I opened the door.

Schütz was playing one of Bach's fugues. Next to him by the piano sat a big, stately man, leaning forward a little, entirely absorbed in the music.

I stood in the doorway, not daring to enter the room. But I could not withdraw, either, for the music held me spellbound.

The fugue came to an end. Schütz perceived me. But the old gentleman by the piano continued to sit absorbed and motionless.

Schütz introduced me to him: 'One of Zelter's pupils from Berlin.'

The strange gentleman seemed to awaken from a musical dream. The mention of Zelter's name seemed to arouse his lively interest. He looked at me with penetrating and yet infinitely benevolent eyes — eyes like those of 'Boöpis Athene.' His long brown coat, which touched the floor when he sat, augmented his venerable appearance.

Von Beyer was asked to sing. He sang the chorus, 'The thunder rolls,' from Handel's *Samson*.

The old gentleman rested his left arm on the piano. His feet were crossed. He kept time with a gentle tapping of the index finger of his left hand. Then he stopped and sat motionless. The depths of Handel's music seemed to overwhelm him.

Von Beyer's next song was the aria, 'My soul is shaken,' from the oratorio, 'Christ on the Mount of Olives.'

'I had been studying Beethoven only a short while,' he writes, 'and I hesitated before I began to sing.

'When I had finished the old gentleman said: "Very good! Beethoven will always give us peculiar delight!"'

Thereupon Von Beyer sang Graun's aria, 'Sing the Divine Prophet.'

'Only when I was singing the last line, "Soul, be God thy song!" did I know who was sitting before me.' It was Goethe.

The sunshine lit up his face. A full, sonorous voice repeated the words slowly and significantly: 'Soul, be God thy song!'

For a time there was silence in the room.

Then Goethe began to talk: —

'There is something in us,' he said, 'that strives upward. Music touches the universally human in our natures. . . . The resurrection of the spirit will be understood more easily if we master fundamentals. . . . To step out of the husk that surrounds us and to commune with greater minds is the most desirable of all things, and in music it can be achieved. The "divine in man" (*das Gottmenschliche*) is the ultimate reason for it all, and the divine is expressed in every higher manifestation of art. The finite is an attribute of the divine. God is the *causa immanens*, and the things of the body and of the soul are identical, only from different points of view. Thus the divine is made manifest again and again, and perhaps 't is no wonder that it can be so near to us. Yes, I realize it ever more: the eternal, fundamental harmony of our inner life is the Godhead in person.'

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Schütz seemed to be a little embarrassed by these words. At least, Von Beyer writes that 'his face reflected a certain surprise, if not perplexity.' Goethe was influenced by the ideas of Spinoza, and Von Beyer surmised that Schütz was not familiar with them.

Not so Von Beyer himself. He understood it all and 'blessed the memory' of his old headmaster, 'the worthy Snethlade,' who had given him 'a grounding in philosophy' before he left school, and of 'the excellent theologian Killmer,' who had introduced him to Spinoza: 'How much I owe the glorious teachers of my youth!'

Goethe then passed from music to classical antiquity: —

'The Greeks,' he said, 'have shown us the true path. Not only by their classic disposition, but also by their delight in the things of the people (*im Volkstum*), by their joyful attitude toward life, an attitude that expressed itself in gay forms and shapes and in the musical rapture that pervades all their golden Hellenism. Beneath a sunny sky the flute calls the dancers, pleasantry and temperament are awakened and embroider life's profounder meaning. We must go deep down into the history of the Greeks to understand the germs from which Greek perfection, with all its great joys in harmony and its enthusiasm in musical form and sense, evolved. The soul-structure of the Greek nation is attuned to music. Among this people of poets music had a creative influence. Music, indeed, is the air poets of all ages have breathed. . . . Again and again do I wish to emphasize the fact that we must never allow ourselves to be robbed of our joy in life, of the sun that is around us. In the musical gayety of ancient Greece this principle is most richly developed.

'And yet it is in the transcendental that our ultimate task is to be found. Music gives an intimation of a more perfect world. . . . Through the temple of music we merge into the Godhead and experience our true "resurrection."'

Von Beyer was impressed. 'I felt I had been touched,' he writes, 'by a breath of immortality.'

Goethe rose from his chair.

He put his hand on my shoulder and said: 'Continue as you have begun. There is no lack of good teachers in Berlin. Never forget that no other art or activity can replace music, for it comes from within and touches what is most sensitive in man. It is the universal art that enables us to understand all others.'

'A look from the mighty one,' writes Von Beyer, 'rested upon me. Never shall I forget it! A gift had been bestowed upon me for a lifetime, and I have cherished it ever since.'

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IN A CHINESE STUDIO[1]

BY ELIZABETH VON PAULAY

PAINTINGS by Chinese old masters are now extremely rare, and almost priceless. In fact, most of the pictures ascribed to her famous artists of old which are now in existence are copies, although remarkably perfect ones. At present Chinese art is sadly decadent, but one or two faithful and talented exponents of the old school survive. Undoubtedly the greatest of these is Hung Pao-hing, with whom it was recently my privilege to have an interview. The great painter received me cordially in his studio, where several of his pictures were on exhibition before being sent to the May Salon of Oriental Art at Tokyo.

Chinese painting is confined almost entirely to representing nature. True portrait painting does not exist. The figures in the best compositions, which usually represent the Emperor or the Empress in their palaces or gardens, and surrounded by their courtiers or their families, merely illustrate the private life of the great, or are schematic representations of Court scenes.

All China's great painting, therefore, aims to interpret nature, and in this her artists have attained a remarkable mastery. The collection at the Winter Palace, recently made accessible to the public, has brilliant examples of this ancient nature cult, which is inherent in the Chinese soul and which the country's old masters expressed with inimitable charm and beauty. And the method of this expression is as ancient and as immutable as the sentiment itself. Individual brushstrokes, even of China's greatest painters, differ scarcely by a hair's breadth; but their shadings change—the expression varies, while the features remain identical.

Hung Pao-hing is no innovator. He is completely under the influence of the old masters. He may express himself somewhat more vigorously and virily; but he is a poetical portrayer of the flowery twig, of the leafy bamboo, of the teetering bird, as much as was the greatest of his predecessors.

Naturally, I was especially interested in this artist's opinion of European painting. He told me that he knew and admired our great masters, but only since he had resided in Europe and had studied their work in the originals — he could not understand them in reproductions. In fact, he thought their style, as thus represented, a little ridiculous. But after he had studied thoroughly the great pictures of the West, he saw that Western and Oriental art were seeking the same thing, each by its own peculiar path.

I stopped before one of his pictures representing a huge tiger resting on a cliff, its magnificent pelt glistening in the ruddy rays of the setting sun. This picture, like the rest of his work, expressed profound repose. His theme is always simple. One painting represented little fishermen's boats tossing on the water at the edge of a bamboo forest; another, two rabbits hopping across a bit of dewy meadow; and

[1] From the *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Liberal daily), *July* 4

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still another portrayed a traveler riding through a pine forest deep in snow. Each of these pictures, a masterpiece in its way, expressed repose; and that, Hung Pao-hing told me, was the fundamental quality of Chinese painting. Its purpose is to rest the world-weary observer by a presentation of nature in her utmost peace and harmony — which are her great restoring qualities. This conception gives us a glimpse into the deeper world of Chinese thought. It accords with the unemotional and contemplative spirit of Chinese philosophy. I asked how it happened that none of the great painters of China tried to portray human emotion. The artist smiled, and answered that human pain and joy are private matters which it would be indiscreet to paint. We here approach the Chinese Wall, which in art, as in other things, stands in front of the soul of every Chinaman. We approach fundamental differences in world attitude which are deep and unbridgeable.

And the nude? Something utterly unknown in Chinese art, to which whatever emphasizes the animal in man is repulsive.

The artist remarked that European 'still life' seemed to him 'brutal.' My thoughts flashed back to the riot of color in Netherland still life, to its bloody chunks of flesh and its fat, glistening fish. Glancing around the wall of the studio, at the flowers and fruits represented there, I could see at once why Hung Pao-hing regarded our still life as coarse.

'Why do you never paint portraits?' I asked. The answer was that in China portraits are painted in memory of the dead, when they are no longer among us, and are drawn either from memory or from description. I understood at once why the features in Chinese portraits are invariably dull, characterless, and uninteresting. They do not represent living men and women, but are merely memorials of the departed, portrayed from the accounts of those who knew them, and who are more interested in preserving for posterity the memory of their rich garments and insignia of rank than a true representation of their features and expression.

Hung Pao-hing's ambition is to attain as closely as possible the incomparable simplicity of the old masters. He had his brief, youthful period of insurgency when he wanted to innovate. But he now recognizes, in his maturer years, that he has no alternative but to return to the great masters of the past. He refused even to discuss futurists and cubists.

The Golden Age of Chinese painting was during the Tang Dynasty, in the seventh century of our era. I have seen Chinese drawings, dating from the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries, that possess a simplicity and power suggestive of Picasso. When I asked Hung Pao-hing what promise for Chinese art he saw in the coming generation, I learned that he conducts the only school of painting in the country. He has about one hundred pupils, from whom he takes no fees. He teaches them and corrects their work out of pure love for art, and his great ambition is to found a new school, or rather rear up new recruits for the old school, of Chinese painting. His method of instruction is to start his pupil copying works by the old masters. He himself painted his first picture when only nine years old. When his father lost a favorite fan, he painted a new one like it from memory. Although his parents recognized his talent, they did not wish him to become an artist; but he felt that that was his destined calling, and overcame their opposition.

Usually Hung Pao-hing works steadily from early morning until eve-

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ning, and he told me that he even dreams of his work at night. Probably his best canvas is a picture of a palm tree supporting a red-barred wooden gate. It is bold and free in design; the leaves of the palm tree are a humid green; the strength and flexibility of the tough trunk, to which is added by a couple of brush strokes a red wooden gate shining in the bright light of an Eastern sun, are almost palpable. The whole picture, the two luminous patches of color outlined with absolute sureness on the white ground, impress one instantly with their unescapable evidence of mastery.

The artist sat down at the desk to paint a little memento for his visitor. Spreading a piece of white paper in front of him, he took his brush in hand. His colors were not ground upon the palette, but on tiny tiles arranged side by side in transparent jade saucers. Freshly cut roses filled the huge porcelain vase at his elbow. Occasionally he dipped his little brush into water, and as he drew upon the paper, with such rapidity that I could hardly follow him, a bamboo branch and a bird swinging upon it, his brush seemed to borrow the softness of the rose petals above his shoulder. I was astounded at the ease with which he worked, and asked him if he did not feel any creative emotion in painting his great masterpieces, if he never felt doubts and pains. He said he knew nothing of such feelings. He first conceives clearly his picture in his mind. When he begins to paint, his pulse beats no faster, he feels no thrill of emotion. Enviable artist!

I gave a farewell glance around the studio walls, covered with pictures true to the thousand-year-old tradition of Chinese native art. All portrayed nature—nature in repose, in a meditative mood. I realized that the man in front of me was not only a great master, not only a talented painter, but that he was also a philosopher, and that his name would certainly endure. Wishing him success and many years of happy labor, I left him among his flowers and birds. May we meet some day in Europe! Farewell, Hung Pao-hing.

THE END OF THE ROGHI[1]

BY MAURICE POTTECHER

[It is natural that France, after showing Abd-el-Krim the consideration due to a defeated enemy, should complacently contrast this treatment with the torture inflicted on one of his predecessors, Bu Hamara, who rebelled against the Sultan of Morocco and was finally defeated and captured in 1910. This account is taken from the personal recollections of a French medical inspector who was in Morocco at that time.]

Mulai Hafid, Sultan of Morocco, was an educated and intelligent prince. He loved poetry; and they say that he still cultivates the Muses in the tranquil retreat where he is finishing his days.

When he succeeded — rather sud-

[1] From *Le Figaro Hebdomadaire* (Paris Radical Party weekly), *June* 9

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denly — to the throne of his brother, Abd-el-Aziz, whose disgusted subjects had rebelled because he tried to Europeanize them, his first concern was to suppress a troublesome revolt which he had inherited. This was the revolution of the Roghi Bu Hamara, whose title may be freely translated 'the Mule-Man.' That turbulent gentleman was a man of parts. He had been a student and a secretary of a prince of the imperial family. He possessed the art of working miracles, and exercised great influence over the tribesmen on account of his alleged magic powers. Moreover, he was a man of dauntless courage and great resourcefulness.

Mulai Hafid preferred to settle his affair with this doughty antagonist by diplomacy instead of arms. That, he thought, was the safer, surer, and cheaper method. So he bribed certain cadis in the confidence of the rebel chieftain, who betrayed their leader and delivered him into the Sultan's hands.

This all happened sixteen years ago, before Europe's golden age of peace, prosperity, and enlightenment was terminated by the World War. The Sultan shut up his captive in a cage two and one-half feet square, built of strong iron bars. Curled up in this tiny space, the poor Roghi was brought into the royal presence. A small elevation had been constructed on the terrace in front of the royal palace, to which you ascended by an inclined plane. On top of this the cage was placed, and Mulai Hafid came with his whole court to greet his captive.

'Mule-Man,' he said, 'I 've got you in my power — you who tried to get my place. What do you think I had better do with you?'

The prisoner rolled his eyes, which glowed sombrely in the shadow of his cage, and answered surlily, 'I 'm thinking of what I 'd do to you if you were in my place.'

The viziers and the courtiers exhibited great indignation at this insolence, but the Sultan bade them be silent. The answer of his captive, whom he held at his mercy, surprised him more than it angered him. 'Listen to me,' he said, 'and answer me, Mule-Man.'

But his prisoner shook his head in refusal. 'If you want me to listen to you and to answer you, Sultan of Morocco, first give me something to eat, for during the two days since these pups caught me they have n't fed me anything.'

The Sultan ordered them to bring food, which was given to the prisoner. He ate and drank very deliberately, although half-famished and parched with thirst. We saw the muscles on his neck stand out, and caught the panting of his breath as he masticated his food. At length the Sultan asked: 'Mule-Man, are you ready to talk now?'

The prisoner looked straight at his conqueror, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and sweeping the faces of the courtiers with a contemptuous regard, answered: 'I shall be only too glad to talk with you, Sultan of Morocco. But why should all these people listen, like a band of curious animals. I know you. I don't know them.'

The Sultan smiled. 'Well, who should these be but the nobility of my court, who surround me and accompany me? Must I, then, introduce them to you, Roghi? That man at my right is my Grand Vizier; this man at my left is my Lord Justice.'

'Ah,' said the prisoner, 'is n't your Grand Vizier that Abu Eddin whose father cleaned the stables of your father and who sold his sister Fatima to you in order to get the high post

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that accords so well with his merits?'

'Dog!' ejaculated Abu Eddin wrathfully.

But the Sultan calmed his Premier and, feigning to laugh, said: 'Let him alone. The dog is chained. He can't bite.'

'And your Chief Justice,' continued Bu Hamara, 'is called Abd-el-Rahman, is n't he? He must be very wealthy if he has deposited in the banks of the infidels all the money he has extorted from your subjects by imprisoning the innocent and freeing the guilty. Certainly he honors the justice of his master, who ought to be grateful to him.'

'If I have charge of your case, brigand,' ejaculated the wrathful justice, 'none of your crimes will escape detection. I 'll get the truth out of you with your skin.'

'Abd-el-Rahman,' said Mulai Hafid, 'it 's easier for you to dodge the stones he casts at you than for him to throw them. Man of the Mule, you libel those whom I trust.'

'If I told all that I know about them, Sultan, you would be richer in experience and your friends would be poorer in virtue. Ask that fellow there, wise Omar El Haj, how many pounds sterling I shall have to give him, in addition to those he has taken from my emissaries, to make him keep the solemn promises he has given me against you.'

'At least five times as much as it was necessary to pay your friends to betray you, miserable caged lion,' said Omar, laughing contemptuously. 'For to persuade me that you would succeed, you would first have to make me forget that your vanity is greater than your intelligence. Here you swell up like a fighting cock, when you are trussed up like a sheep sold in the market place.'

'Had I become your master, you would have bent lower than I am bending — to lick my shoes,' growled Bu Hamara. The chieftain's voice was hoarse and his nostrils were dilated. The perspiration flowed from his brow, above which his hair was already turning gray.

The Sultan pondered. Apparently he was thinking: 'If I had this man as a friend, instead of as an enemy, he might be more useful to me than all these cowards, who rob me and serve me only from self-interest or from fear. Why not appoint him Chief of Police or Grand Vizier?'

The courtiers, suspecting this train of thought, were a little disturbed and nudged the Grand Vizier, who thus spoke in their behalf. 'What are your orders, Lord Master, for the punishment of this man, who has rebelled against you and has defied you? He boasts that he knows everything. Would it not be well to see for certain that he knows something of the secrets of the torture chamber before he dies?'

Mulai Hafid curled his lips under his black moustache and, turning his eyes away from his companions, asked: 'If I should order his cage to be opened, how many of you would jump on him to tear him to pieces? But don't worry; he won't escape you.'

Nevertheless the Sultan decided to do nothing more that day. The courage of his conquered enemy had impressed him. Possibly he wished to spare him a worse punishment, but did not dare deliberately deprive his courtiers of their prey. However this may have been, he postponed passing sentence on him, alleging that it would be well to convince the people, who are so easily misguided, that Bu Hamara was not his brother, Mulai Mahomet, as he claimed to be. It must not be whispered about that the Sultan had sacrificed a man of his own blood, a descendant of the family of Sherif Alides, whose royal rights had

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been transmitted from the Prophet.

Consequently the Sultan had his brother Mahomet brought from his place of forcible retirement, in order that everyone might see and compare the imposter with the true prince. Seven days were spent in celebrating the Sultan's victory over the rebels; festivals, dances, and games were held, and the partisans of Bu Hamara were punished as the Holy Law provides for vanquished rebels. All were flogged; some thirty had an arm or a foot cut off; a few lost their teeth; and several mouths were slit to the ears as a good example. Most of the men so mutilated died, notwithstanding the fact that the humane bailiffs took the precaution to sear their wounds with hot irons and to bandage them with boiling pitch.

Throughout these seven days of merrymaking the unhappy Roghi was paraded back and forth through the hooting crowd, shut up in his tiny cage and perched on the back of a camel. In order to give him some repose, however, his cage was put for a time on the little elevation in front of the palace, where he could watch with due edification the punishments inflicted on his followers.

On the eighth day the rebel chieftain himself was to undergo his punishment. The Sultan again appeared in front of his cage, where Bu Hamara bore in dignified silence the vicissitudes of his fortune. 'Mule-Man,' said Mulai Hafid, 'your destiny was to command or to perish. You have been vanquished. I shall not venture to challenge the decree of fate. You shall die, as you yourself acknowledge that you merit.'

'It is fate,' was the captive's only answer.

But the Sultan's servants protested. 'No, indeed, that would not be just. A quick death without suffering would be altogether too good for this insolent rebel. We have punished his followers as they deserved. We must not show more consideration to their master.'

But Mulai Hafid had a reply ready on his lips. 'My friends,' he said, concealing his secret pleasure in disappointing them beneath an affectation of indignant resignation, 'no matter how much I desire it, I cannot gratify your just demands. The consuls of France and England, and the representatives of all the European Powers, have gone to the trouble of jointly filing a protest with us. They think that there has been enough punishment, and have begged as a favor that we put this rebel out of the way expeditiously. How can we refuse this favor to our powerful allies, who are so solicitous for the welfare of our empire?'

This excuse did not satisfy the ministers and officers of the Sultan. 'How is this?' inquired Omar, the eldest among them, whose advanced age gave him some privileges. 'Are the infidels our masters, to tell us how to manage our affairs? Can they deprive us of the sacred right of punishment as prescribed in the Book of the Prophet?'

'Enough!' exclaimed Mulai Hafid sternly, in a voice that imposed silence on his murmuring courtiers. He was thoroughly angry. His brows were knit, his face had turned a livid yellow, his fingers clutched impatiently the folds of his jelab. He would certainly have liked to deprive of their prey these men, whom he needed but whom in his heart he respected less than his disarmed enemy. Nevertheless he did not dare, in spite of his unlimited authority, to defy them. Since he was a man of resource and imagination, however, — he did not cultivate poetry for nothing, — he hit upon a novel idea that seemed to satisfy him, for a flash of malice lightened up his eyes. 'See

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here,' he said, 'the Mule-Man shall be put to death, but no executioner shall touch him. Since he has the courage and the pride of a lion, let him be thrown to my lions.'

Six or seven of these animals, the finest specimens captured in the gorges of the Atlas, were in the royal menagerie. They paced restlessly up and down their cage, excited by the noise of the preparations going on around them, and impatient because their feeding time was so long delayed. One scarcely heard the sound of their soft pads upon the tiled floor of their den. When one of them yawned, turning his huge head disdainfully to one side, the sound was like a heavy wave rumbling on a rocky beach. An outer gate opened into the gangway that led to the cages, and a man, still cramped and stiff, but holding himself erect with an effort, was thrust through and the gate quickly shut and barred behind him. A grating barrier between the gangway and the cage proper was then lifted, and, pushed forward by the sharp points of lances, Bu Hamara appeared naked before the beasts.

The latter gathered in a semicircle, shoulder to shoulder, their heads facing the entrance of the gangway, awaiting their delayed ration of raw meat, upon which they were ready to spring. They relaxed in surprise, however, when they beheld instead of their daily ration of flesh a living man. But they immediately saw that he carried neither arms nor whip. They caught the scent of his bare body. Their eyes glowed; their sinews tautened for a spring. Suddenly a deafening, guttural shout, now deep and rumbling, now high and shrill, filled the den and startled the circle of eager spectators, including the Sultan, who had gathered outside the cage — not a single cry, but a series of whoops, like the roars of beasts of prey. They came from Bu Hamara, who, with flashing eyes, clenched fists, and swelling chest, yelled savagely at the startled lions that half-encircled him. He advanced a couple of steps and the beasts recoiled; and the man, whose face lost for an instant its threatening frown, laughed to himself at the fright he caused.

Neither blows nor lance thrusts would make the lions spring upon their captive. One more venturesome than the others grazed his arm with a thrust of his claw, but nothing more. As soon as they assumed a threatening attitude Bu Hamara stopped them instantly by renewing his savage howls and staring at them fixedly with his flashing eyes.

Hours might elapse before the man's weariness or the hunger of the famished animals would end the scene. The Sultan had had enough. His curiosity was satisfied. A new idea occurred to him and, catching the eye of a black sentry near the gate, he pointed to Bu Hamara. The soldier instantly understood, leveled his gun at the captive, who had not noticed him, and fired. Like most of his countrymen, he was a sure shot. Bu Hamara fell, a bullet through his forehead, delivered from further torture and unaware whence death had come to him.

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AN HOUR WITH RAYMOND POINCARÉ[1]

BY FRÉDÉRIC LEFÈVRE

ANDRÉ THÉRIVE in *Littérature*, the magazine in which he succeeded in giving a rather romantic history of French literature, wrote: 'It is an entirely modern prejudice to confine literature to a very small number of entertaining schools, or to regard it disinterestedly as pure artistic material. This prejudice arises from the specialization that is dominating everything. The scholar or the thinker is no longer concerned with literature in general, and literature gets its revenge by cropping out in science, history, and scholarship.'

Thérive adds: 'What signs of decadence!' Is it necessary to state that, though our own investigations may confirm the generalization of our brilliant friend, we should come to a different conclusion? For I do not unreservedly agree with Monsieur Thérive's pessimism. The works of scholars and thinkers which are also works of art are by no means rare. There seem to be a good many indications that they will soon be more numerous than ever.

It was in this frame of mind that we visited Raymond Poincaré, parliamentary orator and political historian. But his political convictions were not what concerned us. We did not presume either to do homage to him or to fulminate against him. We shall only wait for whatever literary manifestations this political writer may give us; and it is in this capacity that we have asked him to discuss his literary preferences.

[1] From *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* (Paris literary weekly), *June* 19

On this final score, and although he very modestly refrained from giving us anything more than hasty impressions of what reading he had recently done, it is easy to see that the heavy duties of a politician have not been able to crush the taste for literature and intellectual conquest in the breast of such a writer. But first we really had to ask him about his own writings, especially his memoirs, which are now appearing under the title, *Au service de la France*.

I have just read the proofs of the third volume, *L'Europe sous les armes*. It is far more interesting and more artistically done than its two predecessors, which might seem to the profane reader weighted down with necessary documents. In this volume documents merge into the text; though irony, that seems to become a little dry at times, is not absent from his pages.

During all of 1913, which he brings to life for us in brilliant flashes, one really had the impression of a fatality weighing on the world, and as signs of this increased we felt all the more keenly that we were living in constant expectation of the gloomy tramp of armies advancing to meet each other on the morrow.

M. Poincaré's remarks on this matter are so important that we are going to reproduce without comment the passionate monologue that burst out at this point in our interview.

The third volume of my series of memoirs, which is going to appear very soon, will include the account of the

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chief events in which I found myself involved between the first of January and the thirty-first of December, 1913, both when I was Premier and when I was President. As in the first two volumes, I have traced what happened in a simple, straightforward fashion, striving only for clearness, aiming only for truth. I have avoided as much as possible all personal preoccupations. I have effaced myself in deference to my subject, not only out of natural discretion, but because I wanted things to speak for themselves. The year 1913 was full of incidents many of which are partly forgotten or only slightly known, but they brought forth great results — the resumption of the Balkan War, the Treaty of Bucharest, the affairs of Luneville, Nancy, and Saverne, the German military mission to Constantinople, the interview between the King of Belgium and William II. Under each one of these headings I have been able to assemble direct information and precise documents. I have already given a good deal of unpublished material in my first two volumes. The third will contain many more. So will the volumes to come. Diplomatic telegrams, I admit, have not always any great literary value. They were written by Foreign Ministers or Ambassadors with the rather feverish precipitation peculiar to official transactions and reports at times of crisis. They at least stand as peremptory proofs of the peaceful spirit that always inspired the French Government, and I believe they constitute precious material for an impartial history. It is what all men of good faith have recognized, whatever their political or religious opinions may have been.

Monsieur A. Aulard, for instance, wrote in his book, *La Révolution française*, while pleading his cause as politicians always do in writing their memoirs, that I 'rely above all and almost entirely on texts and facts.' He says that I have 'brought abundant and orderly documents into the light of day. There are a great many diplomatic dispatches and facts no less vital, though hitherto unknown. The whole thing is new and important. It is an historical document of the first order, and an engrossing story that stirs up a constant state of passion and provides a rich and well-arranged group of reminiscences. The interest in reading this history of France told by one of its principal participants does not flag for an instant.' I confess that I feel deeply honored in these historical appreciations coming from so high and disinterested a quarter. The man is not my political friend, but he recognizes my sincerity. I am no less touched by the approval of a Belgian writer of quite opposite convictions, Canon Paul Halflants, who renders warm homage to my method and my truthfulness in the Brussels *Revue catholique des idées et des faits*. The thing that I wanted was to have the most diverse spirits recognize in my books the accuracy of documents and the absence of bias. But no doubt all these subjects are very unwelcome and dry to readers of the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, and an hour with a politician is far less agreeable than one with a dramatist, poet, or novelist.

I confess that the most delightful pleasure I have experienced in the course of my political life lay in the friendly relations I have enjoyed with a great number of literary men. They are, it is true, far-off remembrances running back thirty or thirty-five years. That is the time when I knew and associated with a generation that has disappeared — Zola, Alphonse Daudet, Edmond de Goncourt, Alexandre Dumas, Anatole France, Pierre Loti, and how many more! From all of them I still treasure many testimonies of confidence and sympathy. The letters

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that they and younger authors have written me would be sure always to provide much more interesting reading than diplomatic reports, but they do not touch upon the subject in which I am engaged at the moment. They make me feel so ancient that I would rather read them in solitude. I am now one of the oldest members of the Académie Française, and cannot help seeing in my imagination figures of the past and counting in my mind my dead friends. What memories this sad company evokes, what free and joyous conversations! But that is not the type of memoirs I have undertaken. I am fulfilling a duty toward my country, whose Government has been calumniated abroad, and sometimes even in France. I am even ready to establish as a fact that at no moment did I wish for war. I have begun to demonstrate this fact, and will prove it to the hilt. I shall show that, when war was finally declared in spite of us, we wanted victory with the same perseverence that we had sought for peace, and that it was that desire which at last triumphed. When I have completed this double duty, which will require ten volumes, we will consecrate together, if you wish, some more pleasant hours to literature, unless between now and then I have myself joined the long file of the dead that pass before me year by year.

At this moment I interrupted M. Poincaré to beg him to take note of the fact that a journalist has a good memory, and that I should not forget his promise, and should recall it to him when the hour came. 'However,' I said, 'you have been as generous as I could wish up to now; but would it be too much to ask for a little account along these literary lines such as you promised?'

'Unfortunately,' he replied, 'I am only an outsider in this respect, and when my leisure permits me to read a book I seek only pleasure there, and my choice is rather guided by chance. If I tried to give you the whole impression of this scattered reading, I should have to confess that I am astounded, literally astounded, at the talent of the new generation.'

'But surely among all these numerous beguiling talents there are some that particularly excite your sympathy?'

What shall I say? I await the next novel of Monsieur Alphonse de Chateaubriant with lively curiosity. *La Brière* seems to me a magnificent epic of the French soil, and the firm faith of the guard Aoustin, with his devout allegiance to something that surpassed his understanding, is an unforgettable symbol of the best qualities of our race, the same ones that enabled us to win the war, and that will — do n't doubt it — win the peace also.

Among the youngest writers I follow with unabated interest the constant progress of Monsieur Henry de Montherlant. *Le Songe* was one of the most beautiful novels about war, but I am particularly enthusiastic about *Le Chant funèbre pour les morts de Verdun*. I find it has a magnificent tone and a far-reaching inspiration of nobility. Such books deserve to become classics, and I do not think that this has yet attained the success it deserves. Montherlant's talent is very sympathetic to my taste, and I even admire *Les Bestiaires*, although I refused to go to bullfights during my official trip to Spain.

Joseph Delteil, who, I suppose, is the same age as Montherlant, will also, I imagine, have a brilliant career. A great many things in his *Jeanne d'Arc* shocked me. There are fewer rough spots in his epic *Les Poilus*. In his next

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book I hope he will have shaken off a few methods that are quite unworthy of him. There is a certain antagonism between the marvelous healthiness of his inspiration and little unpleasant eccentricities with which he still has the weakness to sully certain pages that deserve to endure on their own account.

Your 'Hour with Bernanos' naturally made me want to read *Sous le soleil de Satan*, and I do not regret having yielded to your enthusiasm. It is a powerful and original book, and I was pleased to find that it was written by one of my fellow townsmen. Someone has also told me about the novels of Charles Silvestre, and I took a great liking to them. They have an atmosphere of the earth which I like to breathe much better than the most pleasant memories of the days before the war to which I allude in my forthcoming volume. Those days were passed in a brief sojourn in Limoges.

M. Charles Silvestre dedicated to me at that time a delightful sonnet that he sent me along with a bit of Limoges enamel. In his *Prodige du cœur* I am inclined to believe that he has given us a real little masterpiece.

Of course, I was extremely fond of *L'Amour et la mort de Jean Pradeau* and of *Belle Sylvie*, but to my mind the *Prodige du cœur* excels anything that author has given us up to now. It has a secret force, a peculiar grace, and an interior fire of its own.

Charles Silvestre has a truly French talent, and he understands the great virtue of proportion and selection, as well as the fact that suggestion is the best way of expressing the inexpressible in art. He has made a grand success in his great, simple, human themes. He now and then moves us profoundly, but gives us an impression of having struck something quite new. Charles Silvestre is one of the best of our young novelists.

Like everybody else, — I say everybody else because I believe they have run into many editions, — I have read M. André Maurois's books. I am acquainted with him personally, too. We met in a friend's house, and I was able thus to appreciate his subtle charm and cultivation.

It is nearly impossible for me to mention more than a few names and a few admirations in a quiet talk like this. The list I have given has no classification, and it is by no means inclusive. Only remember that in literature, as in all other affairs, I have absolute confidence in the glorious destiny of our country. A nation that can at the same time produce a Bergson and a Paul Valéry undoubtedly remains the real home of high international culture. Yet people believe we are impoverished — and indeed what losses we have suffered in the last few years! I have only to mention Maurice Barrès, and my first cousin Henri Poincaré, with whom I was brought up, and from whom, to tell the truth, I have never long been separated. As I was the younger, my thought was always guided by him, and his death was an inconsolable loss.

As for Barrès, we lived in the closest intimacy. I knew him ever since he wrote his *Tache d'encre*, and we won our journalistic spurs together when I contributed to *Voltaire*, a very popular paper between 1880 and 1890. In short, I was a journalist before I was a lawyer. Later in life my law work, as you know, brought me closer to literature and writers instead of drawing me further away from them.

Literary men were always my favorite clients. That is why I have pleaded for Alphonse Daudet, Anatole France, Hennique, J. H. Rosny, and many others. That is why my most cherished memories are those that touch on my relations as advocate for the Society of Dramatic Authors and the Académie Goncourt.

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Among the talented young writers of the future it would be most unjust of me not to mention the name of Monsieur Jean Giraudoux. *Bella* is perhaps the most highly finished of his novels. His talent, which has been rather precious up to now, finally seems to be expanding and becoming more human. He is unquestionably a poet, quite as much as he is a novelist, but I cannot understand the dislike that he seems to cherish for me. When he had written *Siegfried et le Limousin* he sent the manuscript to the Premier, showing a very praiseworthy sentiment in doing so. I like to judge for myself, and wanted to read the book, so one evening I took it home with me. My decision was not slow in forming itself, for while I read I kept saying to myself, 'See here, we cannot forbid a book that displays so much original talent.' And the novel appeared — with success, as you know.

If I had been called upon to decide the fate of *Bella*, I should have come to the same conclusion.

While M. Poincaré made these final declarations, I thought I could perceive, not in his eyes, but diffused from all parts of his face, like a dim light, his famous 'invisible smile' which everybody speaks of without having seen.

RELEASE

BY C. RIBTON

[*Irish Statesman*]

SHAVE his chin, and bind his jaw —
Place the weights on Danny's eyes —
They will not show any more
Joy, or anger, or surprise.

Parson's been to show the way
From this world into the next.
Doctor, too, has had his say —
Dan has done with drug and text.

Rough and bent his still hands lie,
Long an humble way he trod —
Now he's Awe and Majesty
Second only to his God.

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HANGMEN'S DIARIES[1]

THE GALLOWS AT CLOSE RANGE

We do not look for penmanship in a hangman. His work is done in secret, and we are not often reminded of his existence. But in the old days, when all criminals suffered in public and the executioner had many opportunities of showing his skill as a highly trained and practised performer, we may allow him a little pride in his work. The sources for the study of his activities in England are scanty. Possibly, since torture was far less common here than on the Continent, real masters of the art were not easy to find. But in Germany and the Netherlands, for instance, where opportunities for great achievement were more frequent, the hangman has a literature of his own. We know from many sources what his duties were, how he looked and was clad, and what his neighbors thought of him; and here and there a valuable diary has survived to tell us in the writer's own words the actual details of his daily work. The *Mémoires* of the Paris family of Sanson, although extremely interesting, are of doubtful authority; but Franz Schmidt, the Nuremberg executioner, whose activities covered the years 1573 to 1615, has left us a genuine daybook — a work at once attractive and repulsive, of extreme importance to the criminologist and to the student of social history, and by no means well known.

Of the man himself not much has been discovered except that his father had filled a similar office before him. Many of his contemporaries were men of blood and slaughter. Even Wisselus, the Bruges hangman of the sixteenth century, of whom it was said that his virtues might have graced a monastery, was a convicted murderer, and a special pardon was necessary before he could begin his duties. But of Meister Franz we know only that he was appointed to the office and that he filled it to the satisfaction of the authorities for thirty-seven years. He was a man of little education and few words. The wonder is that he could read at all. He seems to have written up his diary each day immediately after his duties were ended, but he lacked any real power of expression, and he has often only a hazy idea of the crimes for which his victims suffered. It is at times impossible to follow his meaning. With practice, however, came a certain degree of facility, and his records grow in length, if not in clearness, with the years. At first we have the bare names of the criminals, the offense, the time and manner of the execution. Then he expands until scarcely a page suffices to register all he is struggling to say. His outlook is naturally limited. His business was to free the world of malefactors, and he worked with a fine sense of duty and a keen eye for the shape and thickness of the human neck. No feelings of pity are allowed to creep in. It was a part of his duty to slay children. We know from other sources that he was a hardened torturer, and in 1585 he broke his brother-in-law on the wheel. But to his credit be it said that

[1] From the *Times Literary Supplement* (London weekly literary review), *June* 24

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he made an end of the horrid business of drowning women convicted of child-murder — an ordeal which might endure for an hour if the water was shallow or the victim lusty — and slew them mercifully with the sword. And Dr. Knapp, the Nuremberg criminologist, claimed for Schmidt that it was due to his sanity of outlook that Nuremberg was spared the horrors of the witch persecutions and judicial murders which darken the history of so many German towns in the sixteenth century. Schmidt retired in 1615, having slain 361 of his fellow creatures and maimed and whipped as many more. He was received back into the community, and died honored and respected in 1634. It is said of him that no wine or beer ever passed his lips.

Another hangman's record has survived from the eighteenth century — the diary of Franz Joseph Wohlmuth, of Salzburg. It has never been printed, but Dr. Keller gives some extracts in his book on the *Scharfrichter*. Like Schmidt, Wohlmuth kept a note of all his executions, from his first employment as a youth of nineteen to his final task, sixty years later, when this hale old man of seventy-nine whipped off the head of a matricide who was seated in a chair. The diary is not as full as Schmidt's record; but in his sixty years of office his victims numbered only ninety-two — an indication either of the good lives of the citizens of Salzburg or of some mitigation in the rigors of the law.

To the same age belongs Karl Huss, of Eger, a man of considerable note in his day, and a studious collector of coins and natural curiosities. The son of the executioner of Brüx, Huss was born in 1761. His mother intended him for the Church, but family tradition was too strong, and at the age of fifteen he was assisting his father. From Brüx he drifted to Eger, where his uncle was similarly employed; and not long afterward Huss succeeded to his post. Then came the blow. In 1787 the death penalty was abolished; and as no self-respecting hangman could be expected to content himself with whipping, branding, the pillory, and the stocks, Huss turned his attention to anatomy and bonesetting, a science with which every hangman was supposed, from his acquaintance with the rack, to be familiar. He had the whole medical profession against him, but he persevered and succeeded. Having married well, his social position was assured, and he was able to apply himself to the subject nearest his heart, his collection of coins and curiosities. Great men sought him out, and Goethe was his friend for many years.

The question of the social status of the hangman is one of considerable interest. Schmidt was an outcast, living, eating, drinking, and worshiping apart from his fellow men. Huss would not have had a single visitor of note to his cabinet had he still been professionally employed. That there were honest men engaged in the chopping off of heads is clear. Reference has already been made to the model hangman, Wisselus, of Bruges. Of another official of the eighteenth century it was said at his grave that by his piety while killing the body he had saved many a soul from eternal damnation, and that Heaven had endowed him with special qualities for his task. His sword even was piously inscribed. Peter Mundy made the acquaintance of the Danzig executioner, Herr Gregory, in 1642, a magnificent person with his sable cap and plush coat, a very genteel kind of fellow. He rode about on a gallant horse, while his assistants carried out the sentences of the Court and performed also certain other duties connected with his calling, such as the removal of sewage from the houses.

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Herr Gregory was clearly an aristocrat among hangmen; but when Mundy goes on to say that he kept company with the burghers, and dined and drank with them in the best taverns, we may well ask for further evidence. The fight for social recognition was still being waged in Germany and elsewhere at the time of the French Revolution. Possibly Herr Gregory himself imparted the information to Mundy over a bottle of wine, but certainly not in one of the best taverns. A great deal of learning has been expended in the inquiry why and to what extent the hangman was *unehrlich;* but the matter is after all one of common sense — at no age, in no country, was he likely to be a pleasant table companion.

It is possible from a number of recent works to form a fairly clear estimate of the hangman's duties in the past, at least in Germanic countries, where the subject has received much attention; and some interesting statistics can be compiled. Meister Franz executed 361 persons in thirty-seven years — an average roughly of ten a year. In 1369, in Augsburg, ten persons were executed; in 1371 the number rises to thirteen, and in 1373 it falls to five. In Frankfort, between 1401 and 1560, there were 317 executions. In Bruges, between 1477 and 1488, when the town was normally quiet, we have an average of something less than one execution a month, and the figures for several other towns in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries give much the same result. In an age of violence this is not a very frightening total; and it helps to dispel the illusion which a study of early criminal records always tends to create — that the scaffold and the block were never absent from the towns of the Middle Ages, that the hideous business of slaying was daily renewed, and that to attend an execution was the constant diversion of the people. The times were evil indeed; crime was terribly frequent; and a perusal of such a nightmare work as Dr. Fehr's *Das Recht im Bilde* leaves one appalled at the horrors which greeted our forefathers at every turn; but in the face of such evidence as this it behooves us to be wary.

The executions of course took place in public, and crowds assembled from all quarters to witness the spectacle. Meister Franz records no instances of drowning, burying alive, or boiling — all forms of execution which were common in the preceding century. One of his predecessors refused to bury a woman alive in 1513, and we do not meet with it again at Nuremberg. Schmidt once burned a coiner, but for the rest his methods were the gallows, the sword, and the wheel. The Nuremburg Maiden, with its horrid appeal to the imagination, still stands placidly in the Castle, but it is a fraud. Even if the instrument was ever used, which may be doubted, it is clear that it formed no part of the administration of justice. The chroniclers know nothing of it, and Meister Franz, we may be sure, would have scorned to use such an invention. At times he bungled, but he is always honest enough to note the fact in his record. These slips cannot have been very serious, or we should have heard more about them. The crowd was always ready to take vengeance on a careless workman, and Schmidt's successor, who blundered horribly in 1620, would have been stoned to death if the stones had not been frozen into the ground. Our diarist also escaped the fate which in 1525 befell the Rothenburg hangman, who was so moved by the cries of a murderess that to save her from his own clutches he took her home and married her. These gallows matches, much beloved of novel-writers, do actually appear in a number of records; and one story is worth repeating. A young girl

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offered her hand to a thief who was about to be hanged. He gazed at her for some moments, and then silently adjusted the rope and leaped off the ladder.

Meister Franz has much to say concerning branding, maiming, and whipping. Branding was inflicted in cases of fraud and minor thefts, and was intended to go right through the cheek to the teeth. Each town had a distinctive mark, that of Nuremberg being an eagle. Hands and fingers were cut off for swearing false oaths and for breaches of the peace, and whipping for minor offenses was an almost daily occurrence. Whether this form of punishment did more than degrade the culprit still further is a matter of opinion; but that some rogues at least took small account of it is clear from the history of a youth of twenty-one who came to an untimely end in 1639. He did not pass through Schmidt's hands, it is true, but his record is remarkable. He was whipped at Ghent in January, again in May, and in the following December, January, and June. On the last occasion he was banished for twenty years; but back he came, and in August he was whipped again and banished for forty years. In November he was once more at Ghent. This time he was whipped in the courtroom and through the streets, and banished for fifty years. In the following January the authorities had to deal with him for the eighth time. He was now whipped with the hangman's rope round his neck. After this he pursued his activities elsewhere. He was whipped and branded at Lille and Brussels; and finally, not more than six years after his first offense, he was executed as one whom neither God nor justice could mend.

Meister Franz does not tell us the secrets of the torture chamber, and we may be grateful for his silence. Torture was resorted to in practically every serious crime. The law demanded such complete proof of guilt that nothing short of confession would satisfy it, and the culprit was tortured until he gave evidence against himself. His confession had then to be repeated in open court, and on that confession he was executed. Dr. P. van Heijnsbergen has examined the records relating to torture in the Low Countries. He shows how the system arose, the restrictions under which it was practised, and the various forms of suffering with which the patients were plagued. It was said even in the sixteenth century that Satan himself could scarcely have increased its refinements, and the *Folterkammer* at Nuremberg is still one of the most gruesome places in Europe. The hangman and his assistants had to be practised men, for the victim must not be killed or his body disfigured. And yet the torture had to be continued until the last possible moment.

The danger of the system, of course, was that many people were executed for crimes they had not committed. Weakness made falsehood easy, while hardened criminals, by long practice, were able to keep silence, even if their wives and children were less resolute. M. Petit-Dutaillis, in his interesting study on *Le Droit de Vengeance*, cites a case which might well have produced a storm of protest even in the fifteenth century. A young wife of Aire was found in possession of a small quantity of arsenic which she maintained had been purchased for the destruction of rats. She was arrested by some official busybody and accused of attempting to poison her husband. A so-called confession was wrung from her under torture, and she was condemned. The matter was referred to the Council of Flanders, which, to its credit, reversed the sentence, in virtue of the victim's youth and innocence, and in view of

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the fact (be it noted) that the husband made no charge against her. But it is not pleasant to think how many cases at Aire alone never reached the Council of Flanders.

It is a relief to turn to the lighter aspects of the hangman's duties. Many of the minor as well as the major punishments in Meister Franz's days were associated with contempt and ridicule, and he and his assistants had many opportunities of contributing to the public mirth. Female scolds were paraded through the streets with great stones slung across their shoulders. Two such stones may still be seen outside the Town Hall at Damme, near Bruges, where they have probably remained since they were last in use. But so short-lived is the popular memory that the inhabitants will tell you that they are two stones left over from the building by an architect very nicely versed in matters of calculation, or else that they serve to mark the height to which the flood once reached. Drunkards were cloaked in a large barrel with their heads protruding through a hole at the top; and the symbolism connected with the pillory and the stocks was ingenious if not always refined. The *spiegelnde Strafe*, dear to German criminal law, was capable of surprising developments. If Meister Franz had to expose a man or woman for bigamy, the law, mindful of the proverb, '*Eine Frau während der Ehe hat nichts als den blauen Himmel und den Spinnrocken*,' required that distaffs should be set up, one for each bigamous spouse. But not even the most ardent admirer of symbolic punishment could foresee all its possibilities. In the sixteenth century in Flanders a woman was sentenced to be buried alive. Public feeling, here and elsewhere, was already rising against this horrible death penalty, and the culprit was merely exposed on a scaffold with a tub of earth and a spade by her side, and then banished. It was an inadequate punishment for a brutal crime, and Meister Franz would have been scandalized; but it shows what may happen in any age or country if legal reforms lag behind popular opinion.

EPITAPH

BY MARGARET SACKVILLE

[*Observer*]

A soft breeze slew me: many a blind gale
Beat with gaunt hands against my tattered sail
Vainly; so death, who lay in wait for me,
Drowned me at anchor in a summer sea.

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Copyrighted Spooks

ANOTHER brilliant chapter was added to English legal history when Mr. Justice Eve, of London, was called upon to settle the ownership of a sheaf of spirit writings known as the 'Chronicles of Cleophas.' Miss Geraldine Cummins, who produced the documents in a series of trances, claimed them as her property, though an architect named Mr. Frederick Bond asserted that his mind was also involved in the transaction with the Beyond.

The chronicles referred to throw further light on two ancient chapels at Glastonbury, which were discovered by another of Mr. Bond's medium friends. Cleophas is a character mentioned in the New Testament, who kindly cooperated with Miss Cummins from his unearthly vantage point. Mr. Bond explained to the skeptical judge that he had been interested in the spirit world for years, and that his acquaintances there had already given valuable information that had proved to be quite accurate. These beings had been dead for a long time — nearly two thousand years.

'And therefore,' remarked the judge, 'not of much practical use to those of us who are alive now.'

Mr. Bond demurred, but continued to explain his relations with Miss Cummins and her circle. He then announced that Joseph of Arimathea was said to have been an early visitor at Glastonbury.

'Who was he?' demanded the learned judge; but Mr. Bond's jesting attorney did not stay for an answer, and his client launched into a discussion of Cleophas.

'But how,' demanded the judge, 'did Cleophas come to speak in what you would call archaic English? I should have supposed he spoke Hebrew or Latin, and not this mediæval English.'

'The peculiarity of these scripts,' replied Mr. Bond, 'is that the message is conveyed without words, and the words and framework of the message are found in the brain of the medium. It is a curious psychological process which we do not understand. The language of the scripts was not the language of the communicating intelligence; it is the idea that is conveyed.'

'I thought you would say that,' moaned the judge. 'The authorship, therefore, is in the medium, because the medium converts the dog Latin or Hebrew into English.'

The analogy of the wireless was then dragged in. Mediums claim to be able to 'tune in' their minds to become recipients of impressions. They work automatically, and have achieved extraordinary results. Finally the judge asked, with a groan, what good it was to heathendom or Christendom if there was a chapel in Glastonbury, and proceeded to pass judgment.

Since the original author of the work could not conveniently claim his copyright, he declared that the chronicles were the property of Miss Cummins who had set them down. He could not say whether they had passed through Mr. Bond's mind before they were put on paper. The matter was of the earth earthy, and Miss Cummins had, as far as he could see, full rights to whatever she had written. Mr. Bond had to pay the costs of the trial — and Mr. Justice Eve went home to find out who Joseph of Arimathea was.

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Forged Manuscripts

ONE of the most serious drawbacks of the intellectual capital of the world is the number of shady characters it attracts. Poor Paris not only has to submit to the indignity of being visited by thousands of niggardly Americans; it also shelters a unique kind of crook. European and American collectors have lately been alarmed by the large number of bogus manuscripts, chiefly forgeries of the work of Kipling, Shelley, W. H. Hudson, and Anatole France, now in circulation. These documents all seem to come from a common source, which, we are very sorry to say, is situated in the close vicinity of Paris.

But, to give the Devil his due, forgers have been so skillful that many experts have fallen for their handiwork, though an astute American has just returned one of his purchases to a reputable dealer and received his money back. The forgers do not confine themselves to literary work. Signatures of men like George Washington are affixed to the title-pages of obscure eighteenth-century volumes in such a way that they have all the earmarks of old age. It is invariably an eminent American, so the book is all the more likely to command a fat price in this country. With the same ease that they counterfeit penmanship, these forgers imitate old type-forms, using paper of the period. They compose little poems, plays, and pamphlets, passing them off as hitherto unknown work of deceased geniuses.

In warning honest British booksellers to check up carefully on their antique stock, the *Morning Post* wittily suggests that the new trade bears some relation to the manufacture of alcohol for American consumption. 'We hope,' it remarks, 'this sophisticated trade will not lead to any such complications as we have seen in the case of the liquor traffic. To supply the American who prefers Scotch whiskey to wood alcohol has become an offense of international importance which might even involve the New World in a quarrel with the Old.' Come now. How many of us would fight either to keep out good liquor or to prevent Mr. A. Edward Newton from getting stung.

Queen of Irak

APART from Queen Victoria and Queen Alexandra, no Englishwoman has received such a tribute from the House of Commons as did Miss Gertrude Bell, 'Queen of Irak,' whose death occurred some weeks ago. Her career was extraordinary from start to finish. The daughter of Sir Hugh Bell, a Yorkshire ironmaster, she studied at London and Oxford Universities, taking a First in history in 1887. Not long afterward she went to Persia to join her uncle, the late Sir Frank Lascelles, then British Minister at Teheran. Here she became fascinated with the East, and presently acquired a complete familiarity with the Arabian life and language. Soon she was traveling among the wild native tribes, whose confidence she captured by reciting to them favorite passages from ancient native poets. The Royal Geographical Society presented her with a medal for being the only Englishwoman ever to have crossed the wild deserts of Arabia.

Having accumulated a vast amount of first-hand knowledge, she joined the Military Intelligence Department at Cairo during the war, and within a year was made liaison officer in Mesopotamia. During these trying times hope emerged that the Arab peoples might possess capacities of revival. Most people thought it the wildest idealism, but Miss Bell put her shoulder to the wheel and gave her life to the cause of Mesopotamian self-government.

She died in Bagdad. Her premature

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end was unquestionably due to the vicissitudes she had endured all her life. She had worked almost steadily for ten years, even during the fierce heat of the Mesopotamian summers, when the mercury stands at 120 degrees in the shade for weeks on end. Her sympathy with the Arab people and her faith in their destiny played a strong part in influencing British policy to set up and support the Irak State. Thus her life work was partially accomplished at the time of her death.

The British press has been full of tributes to Miss Bell. The following letter to the *Times* tells something about her work from one who knew it at first hand: —

'Her first care was to synthesize and systematize the mass of detail regarding Arab personalities and tribes that poured into civil administrative headquarters from every part of Irak. With unwearying diligence she indexed and cross-indexed, collated and checked, wherever possible by personal interviews, every scrap of available information, making the dry bones live by her enthusiasm and the charm of her literary style.

'Her "office notes" were vivid, accurate, but feminine withal. Her sympathy with the victims of "military exigencies" was tempered by common sense — her righteous wrath was mingled with a sense of humor which never deserted her. It was in these years that she laid the foundations of the influence which she deservedly acquired latterly in high counsels.'

OLD-FASHIONED FLAPPERS

One of the more sprightly recreations of certain historians is to draw stealthy comparisons between the depravity of the modern flapper and her sister in sin of the eighteenth century. The *Morning Post* of London has had to go back in its files to the year 1776 before it could find anything that could hold a candle to the misdemeanors of to-day. Whereas the modern lady's coiffure is steadily approaching that of the inmates of a State's prison, the gaudy girls of '76 went in for just the opposite. An ironical editor of the period exclaimed: —

We hear a lady of quality has a coach building at an eminent coachmaker's in Queen Street after a new construction, without seats or panels to the door, lined with pale velvet, heavily ornamented with silver, double set of cushions, finely tasseled, upon a rich Turkey carpet, the lady to sit in the bottom after the manner of the East. The utility of this plan will certainly be adopted by all the ladies that dress agreeable to the *bon ton*.

In order to achieve this remarkable appearance, milady was forced to run risks fully as terrifying as those presented by any Elizabeth Arden beauty parlor. Here is what happened to one unfortunate: —

Yesterday a French barber was employed to dress a lady's hair in Beard's Court, Wardour Street, but behaving in a most indecent manner to her she called for her servant, and before any person could arrive to her assistance he gave her such a violent blow on the head that she died soon after, and the villain made his escape.

The youngest generation of all certainly set a standard that no kiddie-car operator could safely challenge. Witness the following: —

A few days ago a woman who lives in this town went out upon business, leaving only her two children at home, one a girl about nine years old and the other a boy of about five years and a half, who in their mother's absence took the opportunity to go to a closet in the room where there was a case bottle full of rum; which they drank very near all, and when the mother returned the boy was dead, and the girl died in the night. It so surprised the mother that she has been very ill ever since. This shows

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how careful people ought to be in leaving children by themselves.

Only when the shadows lengthen can we really be ourselves, but there are few modern centenarians who can go this one any better: —

Lately died in Jamaica, immensely rich, George Gordon, Esquire, who made his own coffin, which continually hung over his head, with a shroud and every other burial article in it, till his exit in the 105th year of his age.

Balfour Holds Forth

HAVING already assisted at the presentation of the Royal Society's gold medal to Rudyard Kipling, Lord Balfour sneaked around to the Society of Chemical Industry to receive a little keepsake on his own account. The Duke of York made the official speech, handing the Society's medal 'from the scholars of one school to a very distinguished scholar in the school of life.' The apostle of philosophic doubt then majestically arose and delivered himself of a profound discourse which showed that, although doubt might be a healthy leaven for philosophy, it had no place in the domain of science, which had done so much for human progress that even a professional skeptic could not withhold a word of encouragement, especially when he could have the Messel medal on his library mantelpiece.

Needless to say, it was not in such flippant terms as these that the author of the famous Note which still bears his name addressed his chemical admirers. Having at one time headed a government department of industrial research, he felt that he was entitled to a few words the gist of which went something like this. Three types of man keep science and industry on a working basis with each other — the inventor, the promoter, and finally the highly skilled industrial organizer. What part should the Government play in the necessary work of keeping science and industry in close touch with each other? Clearly, he felt, in the capacity of promoter, and in that respect the English Government had shown itself inexcusably lax. He felt, although he said nothing about Sir Oliver Lodge's spook-chasing parties, that his country still produced as fine scientists as any. The need at the moment was to develop new fuels to replace natural oil, though this was only one of the fields in which Britain might show a little more activity. He admitted that of late most progress had been made abroad, where competition as well as friendship plays a vital part in the lives of scientists and business men alike.

Instead of Tea

THIS lack of respect for the ordinary conventions, and even the decencies, of civilized living which is distressing so many of us is not confined to our own country or even to our European friends. Having abandoned the time-honored fez, the Turks are showing the same contempt for other national institutions. Massacres, for instance, have been so speeded up that there is no longer any place for the ceremonies that used to accompany sophisticated bloodshed. An English officer, General Dickson, who served during the war as liaison man in East Persia, describes an elaborate invitation card he received in the fine old days when men were gentlemen. It read: 'Hanging and throat-cutting at 4 P.M. on the Execution Square.'

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BOOKS ABROAD

Au Service de la France. Vol. III. L'Europe sous les armes, by Raymond Poincaré. Paris: Plon-Nourrit, 1926.

[*Times*]

THE third volume of M. Poincaré's memoirs deals with the year 1913. It begins with an account of the grave anxiety which was caused at the beginning of the year by the strained relations between Austria and Russia, arising chiefly out of the Albanian problem and the continuance of Austrian partial mobilization. He gives us a full account, illustrated by many unpublished documents, of the very delicate negotiations which continued throughout the month of January. The key to the situation had, as he points out, to be found in Berlin, for the real danger of a European crisis arising obviously depended upon the degree of support which would be given to Austria by Germany, and we have a very interesting dispatch from M. Jules Cambon analyzing the motives of German policy. This was, as he points out, above all the maintenance of the Triple Alliance, but: —

> In the Triple Alliance she feels that Austria is more capable of independence than Italy, and she will do all she can to strengthen the ties which unite Vienna and Berlin. But if within the Triple Alliance Germany and Italy are united against France, it is her defense against Russia, and Russia alone, that was the sole motive for Austria grasping the hand of the victor of Sadowa. It results from this that every time that Austria appeals to the shining sword of her Ally, Germany finds herself obliged to make some kind of public manifestation against Russia. It is here that appears the complexity of German policy.

At this time M. Poincaré was still Minister for Foreign Affairs. At the end of January he was elected President of the Republic. He deals fully with the personal negotiations preceding this event, which resulted in his entry into what he calls his 'gilded prison.' As he tells us, he undertook this new office with feelings of doubt and regret. With this change in his position his memoirs inevitably assume a different character. He was no longer directly responsible for the conduct of foreign affairs; it was obvious that the constant calls on his time and energy required for carrying out his representative duties would not allow him to follow in detail every step in the very complicated situation which continued throughout the whole of the year, including as it did the breakdown of the negotiations between the Balkan States, the outbreak of war between Bulgaria and Greece and Serbia, the renewed attack by Turkey, the occupation of Adrianople, the intervention of Rumania, and the Treaty of Bucharest. He gives us, indeed, some account of all these events as seen from the French point of view, and he kept in constant and close touch with M. Briand, M. Jonnart, and M. Pichon, and supported them in the moderate, conciliatory, and peaceful policy which they all agreed was that which her own interests and her European duties imposed upon France. None the less, his narrative does not go into the same detail and is not illustrated in the way the previous volume was by unpublished documents.

He is, indeed, at pains to show that he did not, as his critics have constantly asserted, impose his own will upon his successors at the Quai d'Orsay. For instance, in regard to the much discussed question of the recall of M. Louis, the French Ambassador at St. Petersburg, he shows that this was an act undertaken on his own initiative by M. Briand. It was in fact almost inevitable. The French Government had known for some time that M. Louis did not enjoy the full confidence of M. Sazanov. They had none the less maintained and supported him in his position, notwithstanding the complaints which had been received, but nothing was more natural than that the new Administration should carry out a change the desirability of which had been long apparent.

In this volume M. Poincaré refers for the first time to some of the most serious charges which have been made against him in the relevations contained in *Un Livre Noir* — namely, that of his complicity in the apportionment of money provided by the Russian Government for payments to the French press. His explanation is that he himself took practically no part in this rather delicate matter, but, in accordance with custom and official propriety, referred the Russian Ambassador to the Minister of Finance. There remains, however, the avowed fact of a system which is strange to English ideas, and that there was official cognizance of the use of money by a foreign government for this purpose.

One of the most important parts of the book is that in which he deals with the reintroduction of three years' military service in France. It was, as

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he represents it, an inevitable reform pressed on the Government by its military advisers and rendered necessary by the recent great increase in the German Army. As the Minister for War told him, Germany under the new arrangements would have 865,000 men under arms; 'its army therefore would surpass ours by more than thirty-five per cent.' There was much discussion whether any less stringent measures would meet the danger. M. Poincaré tells us that during these discussions he carefully 'refrained from any pressure, however light it might be, on the Council.' He invited the generals to explain their position with full freedom; all were agreed that their covering forces were insufficient; the prolongation of service to thirty months, which had been suggested, was not enough, and the discussion ended in a unanimous agreement to adopt the three years' service.

The volume ends with some account of the difficulties which continue to be experienced in the relations with Germany. In November 1913 the apprehensions, which were always present, that the war party in Germany might get the upper hand, were increased when M. Jules Cambon confidentially communicated an account of the now well-known conversation between the German Emperor and the King of the Belgians. The source of this was Baron Beyens, and there was no reason to doubt its authenticity. Then there came the Zabern affair, with the bright light which it threw on the spirit by which a large part of the German army and Prussian opinion was influenced. Suggestions had been confidentially made to the French Government that in certain circumstances Germany might be willing to agree to the autonomy of Alsace-Lorraine. It now became clear that it would be foolish and dangerous to attach any importance to this suggestion. Even more far-fetched was the idea thrown out by a private and self-appointed mediator that Germany might be willing to restore Lorraine to France in exchange for compensation given to Germany — for instance, in Asia. The idea was fantastic and untrue, and although at the end of the year many of the chief problems of diplomacy seemed to be in the way of solution, the fundamental distrust of Germany was increasing.

The God within Him, by Robert Hichens. London: Methuen and Company, 1926. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Manchester Guardian*]

THE man who first said that Mr. Robert Hichens had a middle-class mind is probably forgotten. The compliment — for it is in the main a compliment, since nearly all the best minds come from the middle classes — was deserved, and so was the censure implicit in it. The early work of Mr. Hichens is brilliant and macabre, but falls well within the circle of popular sympathy. The latter work often suggests moral questions of the highest importance, but never gets nearer than the suburbs are to answering them. One is reminded of Sardou. One is reminded, also, of the well-made plays which George Alexander used elegantly to produce before audiences of considerable but imperfectly exercised intelligence. It is good of its kind, but is the kind not rather commonplace?

Though Mr. Hichens has treated a difficult theme — of a modern prophet who might be mistaken for a Messiah — with the most delicate tact and surprising originality, he has not quite liberated himself from the defects of his temper and times. For one thing, he makes it plain to the meanest intelligence that Hugo Dennistone owes all his charm to, and takes all his delight in, physical agility. The result is that all but the meanest intelligences expect Hugo to become a physical wreck, as in due time he does. Twice the effect would have been won if the elaboration of Hugo's intellectual inadequacy had been postponed. More serious is the inability of the prophet, Peter Kharkoff, to break away from the popular esteem felt for the dully honest man. He was original; his mind worked in an original way; he cared little for individuals; but he could not in moments of crisis refrain from making Old Harrovian speeches without even the excuse of having been at a public school.

The characterization, however, is admirable, and a very complicated plot is carried smoothly, though slowly, to a most dramatic dénouement. No novel is more likely to delight Mr. Hichens's old friends or to make him new ones. A serious, competent, and clever piece of work.

✤

BOOKS MENTIONED

Maister Franntzn Schmidts, Nachrichters in Nurmberg, all sein Richten. Edited by A. Keller. Leipzig: Heims Verlag.

Der Scharfrichter in der Deutschen Kulturgeschichte, by A. Keller. Berlin: Kurt und Schroeder.

De Pijnbank in de Nederland, by P. van Heijnsbergen. Groningen: P. Noorhoff.

The Travels of Peter Mundy, 1608–1667, Vol. IV. London: The Hakluyt Society.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

The Love Game, by Suzanne Lenglen. New York: The Adelphi Company, 1926. $2.00.

In this miraculous day, literary powers are practically universal. Among others, pugilists and baseball players, of whatever antecedents or education, contribute polished paragraphs to the newspapers about their admirable arts. It should surprise no one, therefore, to find the name of the international tennis queen on the jacket of a novel concerned with love affairs, tennis tournaments, and Riviera high life generally. Nor is the story offered as a translation. Marcelle, the heroine,—not beautiful, but effectively vivacious and magnetic, — conspires with her English chum, and in the accepted manner of fictional youth they manage to restore the family fortunes and to arrange satisfactory romances for their entire circle. Marcelle emerges with fame, love, and riches. This is the type of story Berta Ruck does conspicuously well. Flappers of all ages and either sex will enjoy it.

History of France, by Jacques Bainville. Translated by Alice and Christian Gauss. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1926. $3.50.

Biography and science having lately embraced many of the charms of fiction, with the gratifying result of competing with novels in the best-selling field, it was to be expected that the historians would fall in line. Indeed, James Truslow Adams, Pulitzer Prize winner for his lively books about New England, has already done so, and the publishers of this French history assure us that its one hundred and twenty-fifth edition in France was reached on the strength of its spirited manner of presenting historical matter. Less than twice novel length, and attractive in typography and format, this *History of France* wins the reader by its nonacademic appearance alone. But let no one impugn its substantial historical scholarship for that reason. The author records French history with proper emphasis on financial and political aspects. Anyone seeking highly colored paragraphs on the glittering celebrities of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries — Richelieu, Mazarin, Montespan, Pompadour, Robespierre — will be disappointed. E. Barrington and Clara Laughlin of the travel books remain unchallenged in this realm. M. Bainville, with the cooling perspective of a century and more, selects his material with genuine Gallic finesse, and dazzling personalities, whatever their dramatic prestige, are treated here according to strict historical values.

The book reveals a matured understanding of the real French traits which have shaped the country's history again and again, and it deals exhaustively with those ever-recurring problems which, in one form or another, seem always pressing for solution. Bringing the history up to the present, and realizing to the full the grave situation in which France finds herself, he nevertheless ends on a note of faith and courage. France emerged from the war with a victory in name only, but compared with other countries she is by no means the worst sufferer.

Cuckoo, by Douglas Goldring. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company, 1926. $2.00.

The sole purpose of this novel is to entertain the reader whose tastes run along rather risqué lines and who would rather be damned than considered old-fashioned. Yet in his sentimental dénouement Mr. Goldring not only throws a sop to the conventions, but shows that he himself is not more than half convinced by his own line of goods. The action takes place in Italy. The characters are a group of more or less expatriate English folk — a successful female novelist, her pretty sister, a nice man with a sad past, a couple living in sin, and finally Cuckoo himself, an impossible philandering evangelist with the inhibitions of a guinea pig. The exquisite lady novelist finally shows herself to be a sister under the skin of Judy O'Grady, but sympathizers of and with her own sex may not be convinced by the way her downfall is accomplished. Yet the book is on the whole decidedly readable, and the action is swift enough to conceal certain ineptitudes. Written to cater to the Michael Arlen market, it succeeds without making a spectacle of itself. And that's something.

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A new portrait of

SYLVIA THOMPSON

Word has been received in this country of the marriage of Theodore Dunham Luling and Sylvia Thompson, on July 15th at the Warnham Parish Church, near Horsham, Sussex, England. Mr. Luling is an American who studied at Oxford as did Miss Thompson.

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